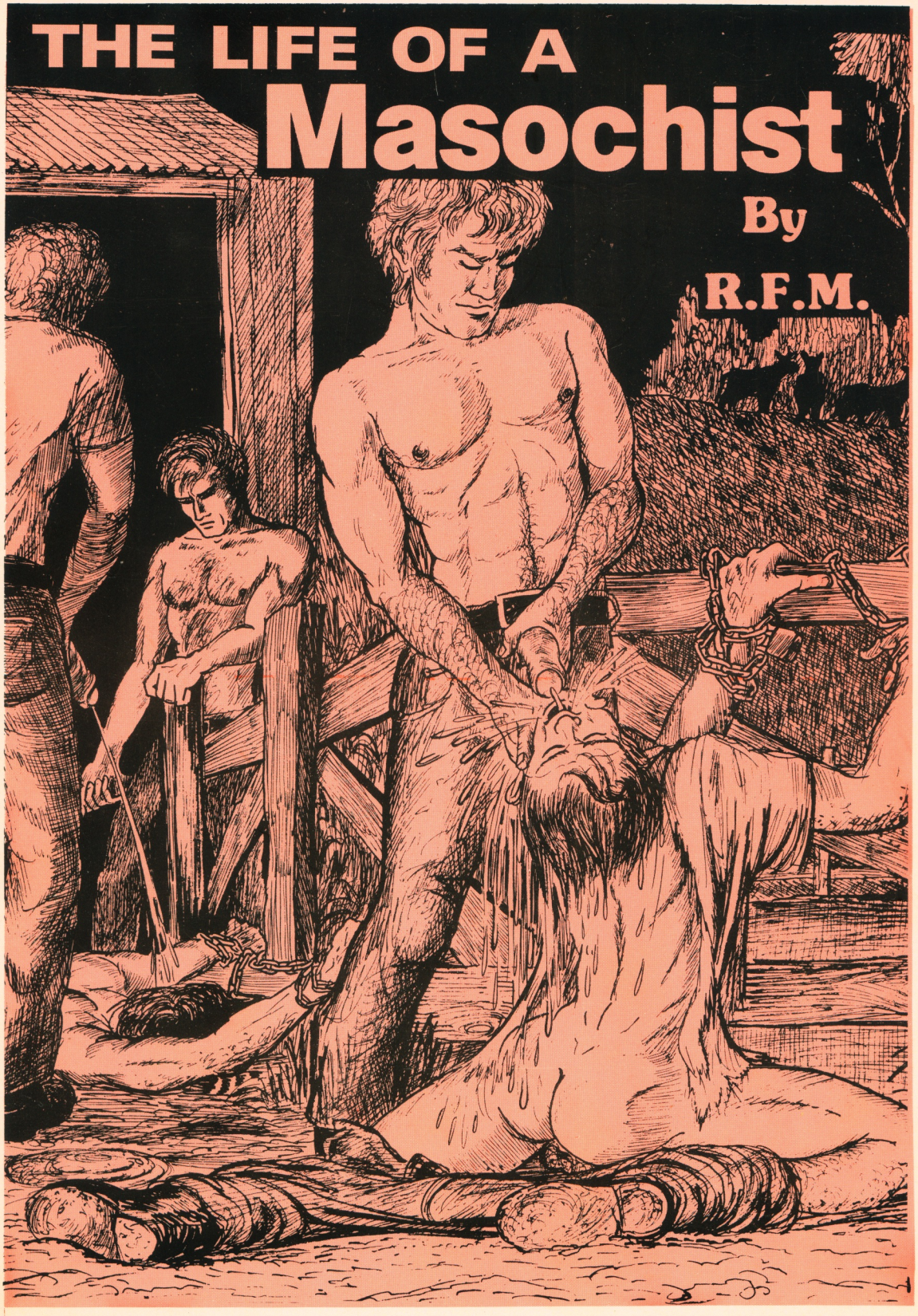
THE LIFE OF A Masochist

By

R.F.M.



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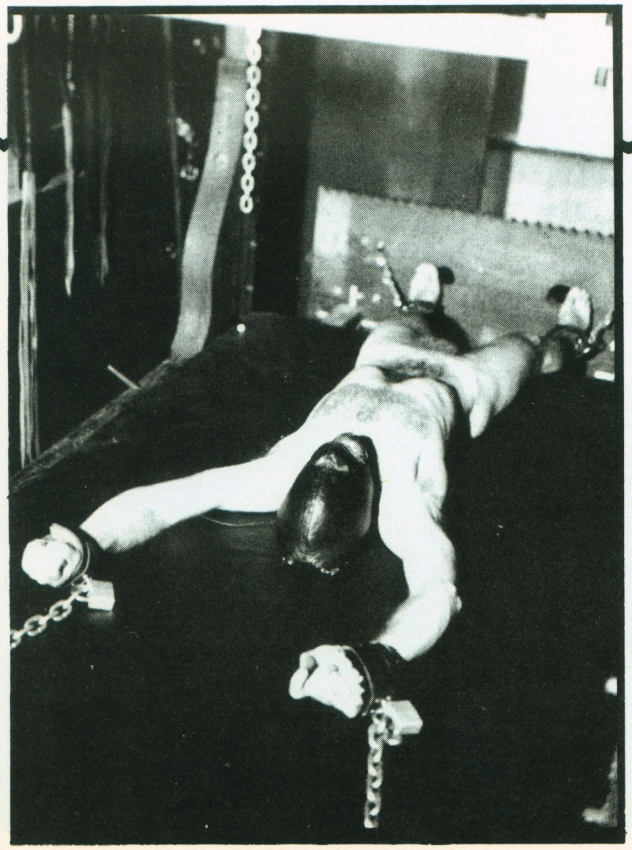

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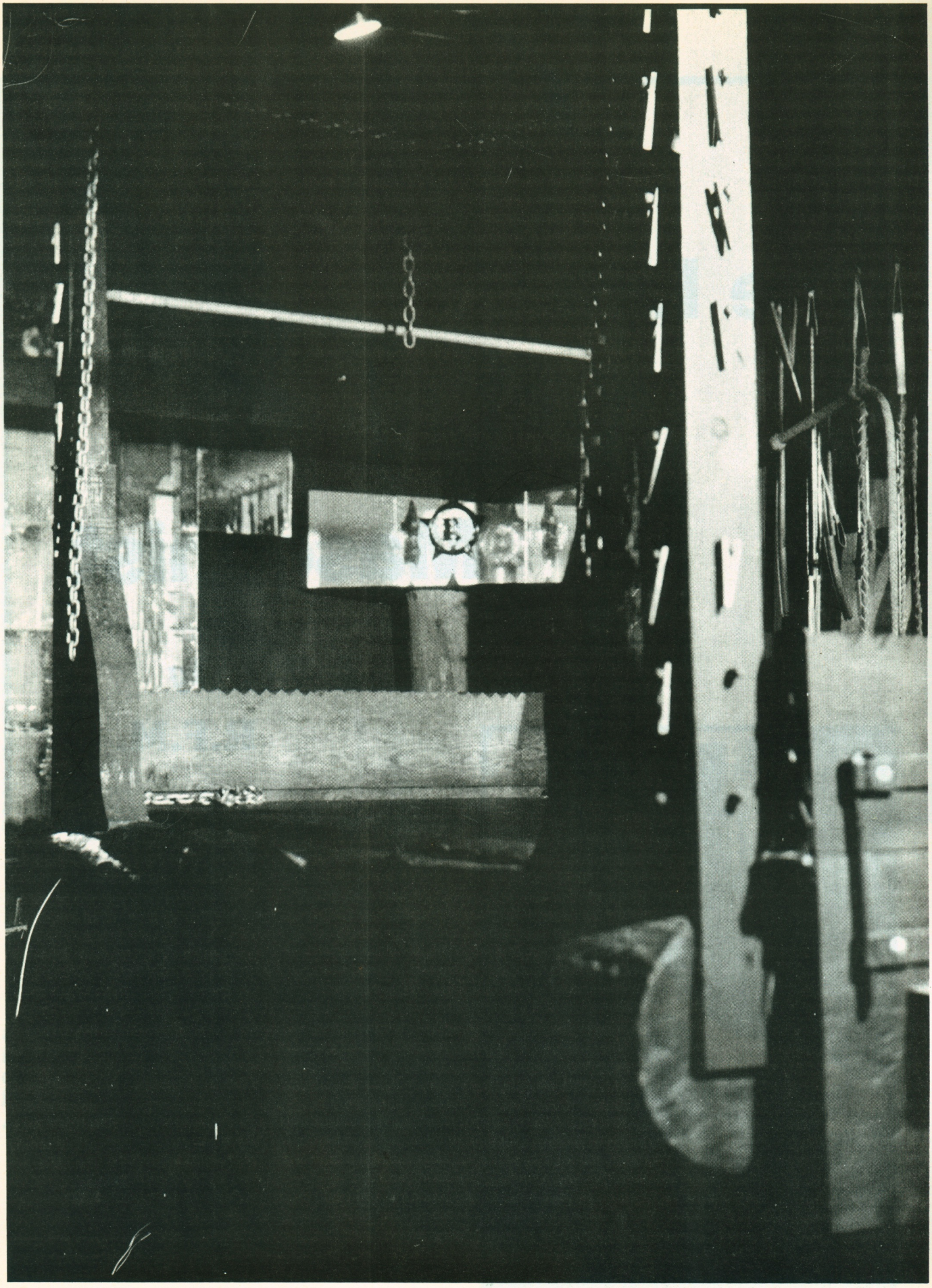
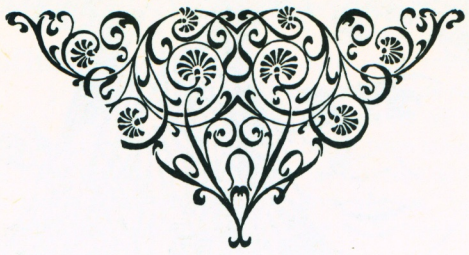




This book covers my sexual experiences from birth through the summer of 1970. I have covered some of the childhood experiences and tragedies that have occured in my life, for I feel that early experiences definitely have an effect on a person's masochistic tendencies. For example, some people when depressed, will contemplate suicide, and some accomplish it, whereas with a masochist, his masochistic tendencies will deepen at times of depression.

There is nothing new about sadomasochism. It has been going on since the beginnings of the human race. It was there in the colosseum at Rome, it was certainly evident in World War II in the concentration camps, and now in Viet Nam, in our penal institutions. or anywhere in history you want to look.

Sadomasochism ranges from people that like to be dominated by others to those that wish to be brutally beaten and even killed with all kinds of sexual variations in the middle.

With all the people that I have met that actively live and practice sadomasochism, each has his own brand of it, and each feels that his particular kind is the best.

Webster defines a masochist as "one suffering from the sexual abnormality of masochism, one who enjoys abuse or domination." Webster defines masochism as "an abnormal condition in which sexual gratification is obtained in abuse inflicted by the loved one, or by extension, pleasure being derived from abuse or being dominated; the opposite of sadism."

I am not one to argue with Webster, but I will say this, if you ever find a "normal" person, I would like to meet him. What is abnormal for one is perfectly normal for another. The word "normal" is applied by a particular society to what it claims to be the common conduct of the majority, this seems to imply it is correct. Some societies have thought that the enslavement or extinction of another race is normal.

I maintain that nothing that two adults do is abnormal, as long as the two are both consenting and no one else is hurt or deprived of their property.

This book is written as events took place. Some of the names and times have been changed but the stories are all true. They have not been changed to make things wilder or portray someone as he is not. Some are good stories and some are not. Everyone in the book is not free, white, and 21 with a beautiful body and a huge cock and better looking than a Greek god.

This book is written and submitted on its own merits. I do not think I have to justify any of my actions or the feelings that I might have had at the time. For me, at that time, they were normal. What might have been normal for me then, would be abnormal for me now. For any human being, needs and desires change, almost from day to day.

I have contacted many of the people that I have had experiences with and attempted to portray what was going through their minds during the various scenes in the story. It is my hope that this book will give you some insight into the world of the masochist.

THE LIFE OF A MASOCHIST

I was born in September of 1943. My mother at the time of my birth was 17 yeard old. From what I have been able to gather I have several choices for my father. It really does not matter to me at all who he was or is. At the time of my birth I was taken by my grandmother who I always knew as my mother. I was not to learn that she was my grandmother until I was 20 years old. My real mother I always knew as my sister, whom I can remember seeing about 5 times in my entire life. The last time I saw her I was 16 years old. My grandmother took me to raise with the understanding between my mother and her that I would never know the true story. This secret was kept until the day grandmother died. I also had an older brother who in fact was my uncle. He was two years older than my mother. My grandmother had abandoned my mother and uncle when they were two and four years old to marry the man I consider to be my father. She had not seen either of her children until I was born. My grandmother and grandfather had never married. With my arrival they decided they would settle down and get married and raise me. The understanding was that my mother was not to come around nor ever see me or my grandparents again. This promise was not kept but the secret was hidden from me until my grandmother died.

I can remember the few times when my "brother" and "sister" came out to visit, grandmother and grandfather were upset and nervous and quite cold toward them. I was always very glad when either of them arrived and really upset when they would leave. I was also very upset by the way they were treated by my grandparents. I can remember asking many times why they did not come to visit more often and why grandmother had no more feeling for her daughter than she did. They would always pass my questions off unanswered. throughout the rest of this story I will refer to my grandparents as my parents.

We lived in a small suburb of Los Angeles about 30 miles east of the city. Father worked for a large company in Los Angeles and commuted daily. Mother for the large part stayed home and did little except care for me. Mother and I became very close while father and I were always distant. They gave me everything I ever wanted. I had more toys than any 5 kids that I associated with. I can remember my friends and their parents were always going somewhere while we practically never went anyplace. On one of our infrequent trips, I can remember that my grandparents were very content just sitting on the park bench or lying on the blanket and letting me play. I do not remember one time that my father ever played a game of ball with me. We lived on a small place of about two acres and always had chickens, ducks, and pheasants. I also had pigeons with which I used to spend endless hours along with a dog named "Blitz," a cocker spaniel. I was happy for the most part taking care of the animals and building pigeon coups and playing with the other kids in the neighborhood. I never was much for sports of any kind. The other kids my age would want to play baseball, football or something else but I was more content building a four wheel push cart, taking my electric trains apart and putting them back together or working on my pigeon coups.

In school I got average grades for a boy but I never participated in any kind of extra curicular activities. I was always in far too big a hurry to get home and work on whatever project I had going at the time. Father would buy just about anything that I wanted from the lumber yard or hobby shops so I always had whatever I needed to work with.

I believe that I was born gay. I can remember when I was 9 or 10 years old I would always find an attraction to men that wore tight pants in T.V. shows, while I never did pay any attention to females.

I had my first sexual experience at age 13. A boy my age named John and myself, stopped in an orange grove where two neighbor girls named Tootsie and Judy often played. It was not unusual for us to stop and play in the orange grove on the way home from school. We had an underground fort, (a hole that we had covered with boards) and usually played soldiers, or cowboys and indians, or had orange and rock fights. Anyway, this particular evening we took off all of the girls clothes and played with their breasts, ass and cunt. They played with our cocks and we played with their cunts for a while but never did have intercourse. None of our parents ever found out about it and we repeated this same exploration game several times. It was not long after this experience that John and I, who were jointly working on our go-cart, started playing around with each other. It was with John that I had my first sadomasochistic experiences. We would play master-slave, and would draw cards to see who was the master and who was the slave. At first the master would just tie the slave up and at most pull his pants down. It was not long after this, however, before the master for the evening would pull and twist the slave's nuts and shove sticker weed thorns in his rear end. Soon we started sticking ball point pens and other objects that were long and slender up each other's asses while tied up. We had heard from friends about jacking off and John and I both tried but were unable to achieve a climax. We carried on like this for about three months almost every night. After a while we tried shoving our cocks in each other's asses. John could get his cock in my ass but I never could get into him. He said I was too big and it hurt too much. That was as far as we ever got together. We stopped playing with each other just as suddenly as we started for no apparent reason. I can remember that the part that turned me on was being tied up and having my nuts twisted.

Shortly after my experience with John, another one of my friends named Clifford came running over one evening and explained that he had learned to jack off and was going to show me how. We got permission from our parents to sleep out in the back yard that weekend which was not unusual. We waited until we were sure my parents were asleep before we started. Clifford had been telling me what a wonderful experience it was. He lay on his back and started pumping with his hand, and it was not long before he came. At the time I was not sure if I wanted to try this or not. I remember it took a lot of prodding by Clifford. I pumped on it like he told me for maybe half an hour and nothing happened. I was just about to give it up when the sensation started, I'll never forget the first orgasm, it felt like my insides were coming out. I never did jack off much after that. Why I don't know, I just did not have the urge that much I guess.

At thirteen I got my first paper route which I kept until I was nearly sixteen when I got my driver's license. At the time I got a larger paper route that I delivered with the car. Between delivering my papers and working on my hobbies I stayed pretty busy and had only one more sexual experience between 13 and 16. It was with one of the other paper boys and all we did was go into an old abandoned warehouse and jack off together.

At about 15 my whole world began to revolve around the automobile. After much hounding I prodded my father into buying me a car. I found an old 41 Ford for $65.00. He bought it for me and I promptly enrolled in auto shop to learn how to fix it. During the next 9 months I tore that car apart several times and put it back together again anticipating the day I could get my driver's license and drive the thing.

It became apparant to me at this time it was the thing to do to date girls and try to get into their pants. I had no interest in this whatsoever. Girls turned me cold and I wanted nothing to do with

them, but because it was socially necessary I would date one once in a while, strickly for the sake of public appearance. I can remember when I had made a date to go to the drive in or somewhere else for the coming weekend, I would double with someone else that was older than I and had a car. I would absolutely dread the coming ordeal. When at home and alone at night I would go into the bathroom and tear off a hunk of soap and put it on the outside perimeter of my ass hole wait for it to start burning, and then jack off. I did not do this very often.

When I was fifteen and a half I got my drivers license. This opened up a whole new world to me. My father bought me a 53 Ford and gave it to me on the day I got my license. It was a flat head V8 with stick shift and overdrive. The first thing I did was paint it red. With the advent of the car I instantly became one of the more popular kids in school. I started dating girls at this time with some frequency.

I must have dated 50 different ones over the next three years all for the same reason; I simply thought it was the thing to do. I enjoyed them to some degree but would rather have been out drag racing or working on some car somewhere.

For my 16th birthday my father bought me a new car, a 1959 Ford with a V8 engine and stick shift. I still kept the other two, the 41 Ford and the 53 Ford. I made good money for a kid, and my father paid for everything anyway, so I had plenty of money to fix the cars up with. I was constantly changing some part or other to make one of them go faster. Eventually I had the fastest car in the school and the only new one. I was one of the most popular kids in the school from this point on, largely because of the car.

Shortly after my 16th birthday, I had my first sexual experience that led into an affair. Strangely enough I kept it quiet and did not brag about it at all to my friends. She was not very attractive, and I did not want it known that I was dating her. I would date other girls that were very attractive, to build up my ego and show off in front of my friends. I would usually take them to the popular hamburger stands and where ever else the group would be hanging out so I would be sure to be seen.

The girl that I had an affair with was named Gloria. She was different than any of the others. She was more like one of my male friends than a female. We had sex on numerous occasions, but it was not for the sake of sex. She had as little interest in it as I did. It would just happen, and it was more of a deal because I dug her and she dug me. She was a real tom boy. She and I would be at home working on the Ford most of the time she was with me. We also spent a lot of time down at the drag strip, or out trying to find races in the street. She was nearly as good a mechanic as I was. It was a strange affair. She never objected to my dating others, never seemed upset because I had nothing to do with her at school. She was just like one of the boys. At 18 when I went into college, it just fell off, and I have not seen her since.

When I was nearly seventeen my father died. I was upset by his death, but not overly so. I was more worried about the effect it would have on my mother. My father left us fairly well set with the insurance and all, but money was not as plentiful as it was when he was alive. I still had my motor paper route and for the most part paid my own expenses from this point on. Mother became extremely possessive after father died. Of all the girls I brought over to the house for her to meet, there was not a one that was any good according to her. She never had any objections to Gloria though, probably because like me she considered her just like one of my male friends.

In the evening when I wanted to go somewhere, especially a date, she would do everything in the world to try and get me to stay at home with her. It did little good though, as I did what I wanted after father died. She was not nearly as possessive until after his death. After father died, mother and I had one argument after the other. It was so bad that I hated to go home and spend as little time there as I could after that. My home life for the next two years was miserable.

At 18 I enrolled in college and took a part time job as a service station attendant. My part time job soon turned into a full time evening job and shortly I was manager of the station evenings and able to support myself. After six months I moved out of the house and into an apartment that was close to the job. This was preceeded by two weeks of bitter fights with my mother or with her bawling and wailing and begging me not to go. I did not want to hurt her but I just could not live with her any longer. Moving out of the house was no mistake. This brought an end to the arguments that tore us both apart. I would stop about every week and spend a couple of hours visiting with my mother. I always brought her flowers or something, and again we became very close. I worked in the service station for the next four years and completed three years of college before I went in the service.

I had no sex experiences for the next year or so. I was quite busy between school and my job and messing around with various hot rods. At this time my only homosexual experiences had been in my early adolesence as previously mentioned. I did not realize that I was gay. I knew that I had an attraction to boy's bodies, but I thought I was just looking at their physiques. I would suppress any sexual thoughts that I would have.

I was 19 years old when I came out as a gay. I was to have a two year battle with it, back and forth with mixed sexual experiences, some hetro and some homo.

My first gay experience happened in the following manner. One night, when almost seventeen, one of my friends and I were out trying to get into various bars, looking for excitement. We had the usual phony temporary drivers license that would pass in some bars. We were out driving around when we passed this bar called Georgia Lee's Caprice. It had a lot of cars parked in front and looked busy, so we thought we would give it a try. We went in and promptly got kicked out, but not before I picked up on what was going on. I had never even heard about what a gay bar was like, much less been in one, but the minute I walked into this place I knew what was going on. My friend did not catch on at all and I said nothing. They refused to serve us and we left. Well, this had suck in my mind. Two years later I was home alone with the evening free and with nothing to do. I thought back about the place and decided I would go over and see what the queers were like. I was sure I could find the place again and did. I thought I would get kicked out again, for I was under 21 and had no phony I.D. this time. I walked in and sat down at the bar, being as inconspicuous as possible. The bartender walked up and asked me what I was drinking, and I ordered my drink. I remember I was nervous and uncomfortable, but at the same time, definitely attracted and curious. The fellow sitting next to me soon struck up a conversation. He was about thirty and fair looking. He was using all the common gay terms that at that time were flying over my head, such as queens, butch, dykes etc. He soon picked up that I was green as goose shit and proceeded more cautiously. After about two hours of conversation with him and several drinks, I had decided to go home with him and give him a try. He was butch and I ended up getting fucked in the ass and that was all, whereas I had planned on being blowed. As soon as the session was over I got up and left. I felt like the scum of the earth and was really sick about it for a week or so. It only took me a couple of weeks to get over my sickness and return to the bar. This time I met a fellow about twenty five or so and pretty good looking. We went to his place and had a satisfactory experience for both of us. I fucked him and he blew me. I did not dig being fucked at all and from this point on, for the next several years anyway, I was to seek strictly passive partners. I became a regular customer of the bar after that. I would usually go there after I got off work and end up closing the place. I soon lost interest in my hot rods, simply because I did not have the time to mess with them. I never let my mother know of my homosexual encounters and she never found out.

When I was twenty years old I met a young man my same age but smaller and very cute for a boy, whom I lived with for six months or so. He moved into the apartment that I had and we were fairly compatible. He knew where all the places were in Hollywood and we would venture forth about once a week but never took anyone else home with us. I never cared for him much. He was company and something to fuck and that was all. He cared for me quite a bit and was always coming on with the "I love you" bit, which I was in no way ready for.

I met a girl that came into the station for gas shortly after I was twenty one. We dated a few times, and mainly went to the straight dance bars, causing acute arguments between Junior and I. Junior is what I call my gay lover. Her name was Geralldine. I called her Jerry as did all her friends. Looking back on it now I realize that she was a nympho. She knew of my homosexual affair and did not care about it. We were extremely compatible and she was not possessive.

Our arrangement was very simple. She dug sex and lots of it and so did I and we got along on that basis. There were no ties beyond that. She did have a couple of draw backs. She was five years older than I, though I did not care about that, but she also had two kids named Mickey and Melody, whose ages at the time were three and five. She wanted me to move in with her but I held off because of the kids. After a couple of months I decided I would live with her as we had so much fun where ever we went and there were no complications like I had with Junior.

When I told Junior that I was moving out and was going to live with Jerry, he really blew it. He went over to her house and tried to kill her but she over powered him and threw him out. When I learned about it I was really mad. I went over to our apartment where he sat waiting for me. He tried to talk to me but I was too insane. I just grabbed him and beat him until he was unconsious and a bloody mess. He didn't even put up a resistance; just ducked and tried to get out of the way while begging me not to leave him. I was too young and dumb at the time to appreciate love and what I had going with him. He woke up a few minutes after the beating. He was laying on the kitchen floor when I finished. He got up and staggered to the bathroom and when he came out he was crying and the last thing he said to me was, "when you come home tonight, I'll be gone and you won't be bothered with me anymore." That was the last time I ever saw him. This did not upset me too much at the time but when I look back on it now it does.

I must have been past twenty one when I moved in with Jerry. I lived with her until I went into the Navy at age twenty two. Jerry and I had a wild relationship. She would fuck whomever she wanted and so would I. She had a thing for sailors, I had a Cad. convertible at the time, and she would go down and cruise the base in Long Beach and bring sailors home and sometimes we would get in three ways. She was a doper and I soon aquired the habit. We were smoking pot and taking pills, amphetimines and seconal, practically every night and then we would go to bed and get into all sorts of wild sex affairs. She liked to parade around the bed, with her thin negligie on that you could see right through. She liked to be told how beautiful she was and what a turn on. This used to really bore the shit out of me. I had seen that bitch every way but right and it was nothing new to me to see her parading around the bed in her nightgown, but she dug it so I would play along. We used to have pretty rough sex, with me throwing her around the bed and on the floor and over the bed. She super dug being butt banged and we did that every way but right. She used to dig her claws in my back when she was coming or thought she was in heat or whatever. I sort of dug it but did not like having claw marks all up and down my back.

I moved in with her around February of 1965, I was already in the Navy reserve and due to go on active duty in November of that year. In spite of getting loaded with her every night, somehow I managed to finish that semester in school. It was July when I was finally fired from my job, for the reason that I did not get there most of the time and if I did I was loaded. I really did not care. I just drew my unemployment and waited for the date of my active duty in the Navy. I had my first brush with the police in July of that year. I was loaded one night, as usual, and was coming back from Hollywood about 2:30 P.M., going a hundred plus so I was told, in Jerry's car, when I made a lane change into the freeway fence. Like most drunks and dopers, I guess nature protected me. From looking at the car I should have been dead but I only had a few minor cuts and a broken nose. I was arrested for drunk driving and hit and run, for someone that was behind me when the accident occured, pulled me out of the car, and took me to the hospital. I was incoherent and only faintly remember any of it, but the police considered that hit and run. The next morning I called Jerry and she came and bailed me out of jail. I got an attorney, and the whole thing was dismissed shortly before I went into the service.

I never have been able to figure out what caused Jerry to change from this point on but she did. She became very possessive, wanted to get married, and became just like a bitching wife. The car that I had run into the freeway fence was her's and we had been trying to sell it to someone who would just take over payments. The insurance company paid the car off and gave her $600.00 in cash for it, but to hear her tell it, I borrowed her car, and wrecked it, and so naturally it was now the best car there ever was. After all she had borrowed my Cad convertible to cruise the Navy base in, and I was left with her Thunderbird. But that was not the story according to her.

From this point on we had a miserable relationship. She would make all the snide little remarks she knew would piss me off, and I would do the same to her. She started coming on with all this "I love you" shit and "let's get married." Well I had no intention of marrying her. Finally she said, we should get married so she could get the allotment check every month while I was on active duty. Well I did dig her quite a bit, in spite of the fact that we argued most of the time now, and decided it was not a bad idea. The goverment pays you extra money for a wife and two kids plus all kinds of other fringe benefits. It was in October that we went down and got the marriage license. That was one of the worse mistakes I ever made. From that point on she became so bitchy I could hardly stand her. She kept prodding me, "When are we going to get married," in the middle of all sorts of other fights. I kept putting it off until I was now on active duty stationed in Long Beach, awaiting orders. Well I got my orders for Norfolk, Virginia on an L. S. T. that they were taking out of mothballs to go over to Viet Nam. I was to leave the first part of December. I very simply never told her of my orders and set the marriage date sometime in middle December, and just disappeared one day. I have never seen her since. She went up to my mothers and talked to her one day about it but that was all. Mother was greatly relieved for there was no one good enough for her son. If there was I never found her.

The Navy was very good for me. It got me away from California and all my pills and friends that were just like I was, drunks and dopers. My years in the Navy were very uneventful. I never messed around with sailors while I was in the service. If I had three or four days leave, I would go up to New York or Washington D.C. and play around, but never anywhere near Norfolk.

It was in July of 66 that my mother went into the hospital to have a tumor removed in her kidney. I had phoned the doctor and was assured that there was nothing to worry about. As it turned out the tumor was malignant, and she never left the hospital. She was in the hospital for one month after the operation, supposedly recovering from the operation. I thought this was an abnormal amount of time, and I phoned the doctor again and was told that my mother had cancer, had only a few months to live, and couldn't go back home. This was the most crushing news that I

had ever heard in my life. I was on a weekend pass in Norfolk when I phoned and I immediately returned to the base, took three weeks leave and flew back to Los Angeles Monday morning. I arrived at the hospital late Monday evening, and when I walked into her room I hardly recognized her. She was white, pale, weighed about 100 pounds. I talked to the doctor that same evening, and he told me it was hopeless. The only thing we could do was to keep her comfortable. He explained that the cancer caused extreme pain, and she had to be kept drugged. They had not told her that she had cancer, saying only that she had a problem with the nerves in the spinal column, that were slow to heal, and that this was causing all the pain.

I applied for a hardship transer at Long Beach Naval base, which I promptly got, and was at the hospital every night from August till December 10, 1960 when she finally died. After two weeks, every night, at the hospital, watching her die I could take no more of it. I started prodding the doctors to do something. They told me it was hopeless; there were drugs that retarted the growth of cancer, but were in no way a cure. Well I was not going to just let her die. The doctors also told me that the drugs would make her violently ill. I thought about this a couple of days and decided we should take the chance. How could it be any worse than this? Before I put her on medication for the cancer she would lie in bed at night and beg me not to let them give her the morphine shot. She would say she was afraid it would knock her out and she would die in her sleep. Statements like this would just rip me apart.

As it turned out the doctors were right about the cancer pills. I would sit by the bed side each evening and watch her vomit, and scream with pain. The moving hurt her back which according to the doctors was mostly eaten away by the disease. I watched this process about two weeks and was again prodding the doctors to do something. They once again reinterated their position stating that it was hopeless, but said that we could use cobalt treatments and that it would retard the cancer growth. They also said that they could kill some of the nerves with it and reduce some of the pain. There was no cobalt machine at this hospital so I had her transfered to a larger one. The doctors told me that it was no use and I was merely prolonging it, but I wanted to take any chance there was.

This as it turned out was the biggest mistake of all. I told mother that the cobalt was to kill the damaged nerve ends and so did the doctors, but she never really believed it. She knew she was not going to get better. The cobalt treatments did no good whatsoever. If anything, they made the ordeal worse. The cobalt does not single out just the cancer to burn. It burns everything in its path all the way through the body. She was one big solid burn from her rib cage down to her hip bones. The burn hurt more than the cancer had. She now knew she was going to die which made everything worse, as she was afraid to die. The pain was so intense, that I had the doctors keep her full of morphine and she seldom was rational. This was the last time I had the doctors attempt any further cures. I had her transfered to a convelescent hospital in late October.

I sat by her bed every night till December 7th. This evening I arrived at the hospital as usual about 6:30 and found her neck was swollen up. I immediately called the doctor. He explained to me that it was in the final stages, and she would die very shortly. I took emergency leave from the Navy and never left the hospital until she died on the 10th about 8:30 in the evening. She was conscious about three times the entire three days. I called my brother and told him what was happening, and he came to the hospital the night before she died. The last thing she said was to him. She motioned for him to come to her. He put his ear to her mouth and she whispered in his ear. I heard the remark, "Don't you ever tell him." But I put no significance on it at the time. I also called my sister and told her mother was dying, and her reply over the phone was, "I do not care what happens to that old bitch." She tried to be friendly toward me, but I cut her short after that comment and told her that if I ever saw her I would take her apart. The next evening mother died. It was a relief to me when she finally went. I could not stand to watch her suffer anymore.

It was two days later and mother was not even buried yet, when my brother told me that she was not my mother but my grandmother, that my sister was my mother. This turned my whole world upside down. I could not believe it at first, but it has since been proven to me. I told my brother at the time, that I did not care. She was my mother to me, and would always remain so, and I never wanted to hear from or see my sister again. This had stood and still does. I do not know why they wanted to keep it such a big dark secret from me, or why my brother chose to tell me at all. Why did he not just leave things as they were. However, it did clear up a lot of questions I had had earlier about my mother's relationship with my brother and sister. Mother was the only one in the world that I had, and now she was gone. I had the most deserted feeling, empty and lost.

The remaining year in the service was rather uneventful. I got restationed on a ship in Long Beach and it was in port most of the time, so I was able to return home just about every evening unless I had duty. The house mother had lived in and I was raised in was a big house with five bedrooms. During my remaining time in the service I built two more bedrooms on it and another bath, and converted it into a bachelor boarding house. This occupied my time until I was released from active duty.

It was on a dull evening, in June of 1967, that I decided to go out to the Valley to a notorious gay bar. I had a week end pass and was tried of working on the house. I went to the bar and was lining the wall with the rest of the queens, when this Italian fellow, about thirty five, wouldn't quit staring at me. He finally came up and asked if I would go home with him. His name was Rick. He seemed very shy and puppy doggy like, and I really was not interested. After talking to him a while I decided that it would be more interesting than standing around the bar parading with the rest of the queens. He only lived four or five blocks from the bar so we went to his place. At the time I was always the aggressive one, and as usual we had the normal gay sex encounter, with him as the passive partner. I slept at his place that night and we talked in the morning. He asked me for my phone number and for some reason I gave it to him. I would usually give a wrong number to someone that I tricked with for I seldom wanted to see him again. I had no gay friends at this time as I did not like the gay type, although I was gay myself.

Usually on weekend passes, I would bring three or four of my sailor buddies home with me none of whom were gay. We would work on the house, drink and run around to the straight bars in the evening. Therefore I felt it unwise to have any gays around me. Well it was the next weekend when he phoned me and wanted to come out and visit. I told him I was busy working on the house and did not have time to socialize or mess around. He was very insistant, and said that he would like to help with the house. I could think of no reason to tell him no, so I said he could come out. I had my sailor friends there as usual, and was worried about explaining his presence. He was ten years my senior. Well when he got there I introduced him as a friend of mine, and left it at that.

He was the least mechanically inclined person I have ever met. He was very quiet and shy, would talk only when spoken to, and constantly stared at me. I was nervous as hell all the time he was there which was all weekend. We went out to the bars that evening. He was sitting in the back seat, saying nothing, except when one of the guys would speak to him. This routine continued all night at the bars and everywhere we went.

When Sunday night came and it was time to return to the base, it was a definite relief to be rid of him.

Monday evening, when liberty went down on the ship and I

walked off the gang plank toward the car, there he stood parked right by my car waiting. He said he had nothing to do and would I mind if he kept me company. I thought I had to end this right now. I invited him up to the house where I was going to tell him to get lost. When we arrived at the house, he grabbed all kinds of stuff out of the trunk of his car that he had bought for me. I really do not remember now what it was. Well, no one was at the house, and it was very difficult to tell someone to get lost when they are showering you with gifts. This was the beginning of a totally miserable relationship.

After that I would just let him hang around. When the gang went someplace in the evening, I would just tell him to wait at the house and we would be back later. He would try to con me into letting him go with us and I would usually say no. I treated him worse than a disliked dog. I had him running all my errands and doing anything I wanted. I bodily threw him out several times, beat the shit out of him more than once, and put him in the hospital twice. Anything I did made no difference; he always came back. After we would have a big fight of some sort he would call on the phone afterwards with all the "I'm sorry's," etc. After a couple of weeks, he would catch me in a weak mood, and I would let him come back. My friends would ask me why the creep hangs around, and I would just say "Your guess is as good as mine". He was constantly buying me clothes and anything else I wanted. I never did ask for anything, he would just buy it on his own. He was so nice to me that I would try to be nice to him, but I simply could not stand him. A strange thing occured with us shortly after our second or third time in bed together. Half of the time I would not let him sleep in the same bed with me. He would beg and promise not to make any advances, but that was all bullshit as he always did. He became the aggressive one and I the passive one. We did one thing and one thing only after the third or fourth time together. He would fuck me and I would jack off with him still in me. He would make over me constantly, using his tongue everywhere, and occasionally he would blow me, but not often. Since I definitely had no interest in him, could not raise a hard on to fuck him, and certainly was not going to blow him therefore that scene was all that was left.

I was released from active duty in November of 1967, and shortly after that another fellow and I started a small business. It caught right on and I had no money problems but then I did not before, for mother had left me well set.

The boarding house that I had set up I rented to college students. They had complete use of the whole house; it was more like a fraternity house than a boarding house. I did not live at the boarding house but had another house in a nearby city but I was at the boarding house most of the time while not at work. There was never a dull moment at the boarding house, just a constant twenty four hour a day party. Rick was pretty well accepted now, with everyone at the boarding house. He never drank or got loaded with the rest, just sat around and ran errands for whomever wanted anything. Having some bitch over there that was a nympho was not an unusual occurance. I participated a couple of times, just because it would look strange if I did not, but I found it very dull.

It was around March 1968, when one of the rooms in the boarding house was empty. I had an ad in the paper which was the usual way I rented them. I did not rent to females, although I had twice in the past. The two, I had rented to, mixed quite well with the guys. It was a week day morning when this girl phoned and inquired about the room. I told her that only boys lived here and it was more like a fraternity house than a quiet bachelor boarding house. Well that did not seem to bother her at all and she wanted to see the room, so I told her to come over. This particular morning there was nothing going on at all which was unusual for that place. Her name was Pam and she looked like the Mansfield or Monroe type. She arrived wearing a short dress that cut off at her ass and a blouse that hid little more. She was a

go-go dancer and bar maid at one of the local bars. She was obviously the party all the time type. The first thing that came out of her mouth was, "Wow. This place is really heavy." Anyway, I rented the room to her, much to the joy of all the other tennants.

About a month after she moved in, she and I really got it on. She was loaded most of the time and I wasted no time in following through. About three weeks after we started running around together I sold my half of the business to my partner, simply because I was too loaded to get there most of the time, and I did not care about it or anything else. I had enough money to live on anyway. Well it was a fast and furious four months. Every night we were at the bars and clubs or sitting at home getting loaded until 6:00 in the morning when the bars would open up again. We would keep going two, or sometimes three days before we would finally crash, when no combination of pills had any further effect.

After about two months she started coming with "Let's settle down and get married." I had no feeling for her other than that she was so much fun to be with and usually was the sharpest looker everywhere we went. I guess it was ego building for me. Sexually we were very freaky and somewhat compatible. We were usually too loaded to have sex in the conventional way. We use to lie in bed and read fuck books. Usually she would read to me, one paragraph at a time, and then we would act it out. We picked on really far out and rank stories. Our favorite book was one called "Beastiality," and one particular story was called "Casper." That one we spent about two months on. We of course had to drop the animal parts out, since we had no dogs. "Casper" was the story of a prevent that lived on a secluded estate and had a invalid sister. He would have lesbians and queers for servants, and had four dogs that were professional fuckers. Every Friday night he would have out of town people over. The servants were all nude along with everyone else. His invalid sister would be tied on a table on the stage in a part of the house. The servants would make up the audience. In this story he had three out of town studs, one of them big and black, and all three were body builders and had huge muscles. He had the three of them standing on the stage, flexing their muscles, and turning around and around, while he was going from one to the other playing with their cocks and jacking them off. He had their cocks all greased up and each had a huge piece of meat. The servants were all in the audience cheering and drooling. One would think that they were all going to gang bang Casper's sister, but instead Casper's favorite Sadomasochistic lesbian brought the four dogs in. He had the three studs get on all fours while the lesbian turned the dogs on them, one mounting Casper's sister. Then it would go into a gross description of how Casper and the lesbian would jack each of the studs off while they were being fucked by the dogs. That was just one part of this particular story. To enact this one out, she took the part of the dog and I made like the stud in reverse, or I was the dog and she would be Casper's sister. She had a dildo that she used on me and I also used it on her. Our typical conversation was something like this; "WOW, Can you dig this? Oh God, that's double rank. Let's do it."

Meanwhile, Rick was still around. He was insanely jealous of her, and I can see why. I hardly had anything to do with him while she was around. He would beg me to stop getting so loaded, and leave her alone, but I paid no attention.

After the newness and the fascination had worn off I found I did not really care for her at all. Any possibility of making her my wife was out. I could not picture her making dinner and cleaning the house. I *could* picture her at the dress shops and beauty parlors all day and fucking everything in pants, while I worked my ass off supporting her. We eventually started drifting apart and it ended as suddenly as it had started. It happened about five o'clock one morning. I had just come home and was ripped out of my head and ready for nothing but the bed. Well she came in about fifteen minutes behind me, came blasting into the room more loaded than usual, turned the stereo up full blast and was dancing around the room yelling "You're going to ball me." My reply was, "No! I am not going to ball you. I am going to sleep." She said, "Wow, I can't believe you don't want to ball me, I have twenty guys that would pay anything to ball me. You're not human." I answered, "Well I am not one of them, and I don't want to ball you." She replied, "Wow, you're *going* to ball me." This ridiculous conversation went on till seven, when I said, "I am going to get out of here, I can take you no more." Her reply was, "You're not going anywhere." I was trying to get my pants on and she was taking them off. I finally managed to get them on, and get out to the car. She was pulling at me and trying to get the keys as I got it started and I was backing out the drive with her hanging onto the door and trying to shut the motor off. I got the car headed down the street in the right direction, and took my foot and gave her a big shove with it. She landed in the street on her ass as I sped away. I went to a motel and rented a room where I spent the rest of the day. I did not see her until the next day, but that ended it. She never said anything about it and I did not either. We just never got it on after that. She moved out of the boarding house about two months after this and I have not seen her since.

All this did, as far as I was concerned, was end my relationship with her. It in no way stopped my drinking or pill consumption. If anything it worsened. From mid 1968 through mid 1969 the time was almost a total loss for me. It was the worse time in my life. There were three separate police raids on the boarding house, all three resulting in my arrest on various drug related charges. I learned a bitter hatred for the police at this time which I have never lost. I had the money for attorneys, and got out of every one of the convictions. Rick, my estranged lover was with me through every one of my encounters with the police. I would call him from the jail and, very faithfully, there he was bailing me out. Anytime there was trouble for me of any kind, he was right there, doing whatever he could.

I am not going to cover this period in my life to any extent. I will just give a summary. While I had a lot of good times and wild experiences, this period was by any standards a total nightmare. I can remember waking up many mornings when death would have been a relief, until of course, I had myself tuned in with various combinations of pills. The trips to the jail and the following days in court, and the people that I ran around with at the time, when I look back were all very unpleasant.

It was in September of 1969, that I overdosed again and woke up in the hospital. I was told I almost died, and suddenly it just came through to me loud and clear, that if I did not stop taking my little pills I was not going to be around much longer. I stopped all at once and never have taken anything since.

The first person I saw in the hospital when I woke up was Rick. I decided that I should try to make a life with him. He did love me, and no one else did. I thought I could learn to care for him and I did try hard after this.

When I got out of the hospital, I went to visit my old business partner. We were very good friends. He said he was going sky diving and asked me along for the week end. His brother in law and sister were also going along and had a boat and I thought this would be a chance to get away for the weekend and would be different. I had been sober for about a week and found it very refreshing just to be alive. My business partner's brother in law raised calves for a living and I spent most of the weekend talking with him about this. The idea of living on a small farm and raising livestock, intrigued me very much, I had "Home, Home, on the Range" fantasies running through my head.

I spent the next month running around to various farmers that lived in the Chino area asking about the calf business. I heard good and bad but it certainly sounded good to me at the time for I was sick of my present life. I had pictured Rick and I living on a small farm, raising the calves, and not bothered by all the outside

world, meaning all my current friends and acquaintances.

After careful thinking and checking, I decided to go ahead with my new plan. I emptied the boarding house and put it up for sale. I rented a small two acre farm and told no one where I had gone. It was far enough away that I doubted anyone would find me and no one ever has. I also realized that I was gay and I no longer wished to put on the straight appearance for anyone. I decided that I needed a whole new set of friends and influences. I did not want a bunch of queens around me, but I did want to be able to have some privacy something I had not had in the past.

Rick and I moved out to the farm and my plan was perfect except for him. I did my best to get along with him but there was no way. We were just two completely different personalities. I had gotten fairly used to being fucked by now, but I still did not enjoy it. I can remember when it would come time to go to bed, I would do everything in the world to get out of having sex. On a few occasions I would enjoy sex with him but most of the time it would make my skin crawl. I never let him sleep next to me, claiming I could not sleep. He would sneak over in the night and I would wake up being held by him, with him usually trying to fuck me again. I would usually make the excuse that I was too sore or something and if nothing worked I would just put up with it. I never argued with him much out at the ranch and went way out of my way to be nice.

It was with him that I had my next sadomasochistic experiences.Although they were very limited. A couple of times we were playing around kind of wrestling in the bed, and I would lose on purpose, and end up over his lap, and he would spank me, not hard, but hard enough. I really dug that, and when the opportunity would present itself, I would always try for a repeat of this experience without saying what I was doing. One evening in particular, I was lying in the bed and he came in, I simply asked him if he would tie me up. He looked at me like it was a strange request, and I explained I just wanted to know what it felt like. Well he did tie me up, but I couldn't decide if I dug it or not. I was only tied about ten minutes and I asked to be untied. He untied me and this was the extent of my bondage experiences with him.

Our affair ended by his decision, but much to my joy. I would have liked to have kept him as a friend, but it was not possible from his standpoint. He loved me and I cared for him, but not as a lover. I just could not love him. I tried but it was futile. Most of our arguments in the past had been completely ridiculous with no rhyme or reason to them.

It ended all at once in a very rational conversation! One evening with no preliminaries while sitting in the living room, he just asked me if I loved him. I replied no, I cared for him but I could not love him. I told him I would live with him, and do my best to love him, but he said it would not work and would cause more pain and hurt later, and that it was better to end it now. We talked all night about the past and everything else that was wrong. He left that morning and has never returned. At the time I thought he would be back, but I was wrong. I have called him twice since that evening, and both times he was very cold, so it was over.

It was now almost 1970 when Rick and I ended it. I was all alone with no friends; just me and the livestock. Oh, I had friends but none I could relate to. My state of depression seemed to grow ever deeper. No matter what I did to change my routine nothing seemed to help. About two months went by. I had considered suicide on several occasions but was always too chicken.

It was early March of 1970 and I was about as down in the dumps as I could get. I did not go to work that day, which was not unusual. I got up and took care of the animals, and was sitting in the living room, reading the personal ads in one of the Gay publications. I came across one ad that was seeking M's. It stated that he had a rack, and my pain would be his pleasure. I thought about this for an hour or two, and kept re-reading the ad. I had a big rack pictured in the basement of a big old house, with a six foot six, 250 pound giant, running around and terrorizing me. The more I thought of it the more it intrigued me.

I was thinking that I might get hurt, or scared or even killed. I finally decided I was going to answer it. I thought, "What do I have to lose? Nothing!" I did not know what to say, so I just told him about myself and asked if he had any interest in me. There were several other ads of the same nature in the paper, but I only answered the one at this time. About a week went by and I had no reply, so I assumed he was not interested in me. I had become very intrigued by now with the idea of being tortured, and I wanted it bad. I answered every ad that was in the paper that had anything to do with S/M. I had no sooner mailed my other replies than I got an answer from the first ad. His letter was very short and to the point. Below is a copy of that letter.

Thanks for answering my ad in the Advocate. I am 40, 5'5½", 139 Lbs., 28 waist, better than average hung, average looks, no handsome Greek God, but one who knows what he is doing.

I was skeptical of putting this ad in as most ads state sex and S/M under 30. I have learned, and from my own personal experiences, a guy older has had more experience, know-how and knows how far he can go on an M without physical damage or pain. Naturally, an M expects pain and pleasure. It is one thing to inflict sexual pain and another to inflict physical pain. An S working on an M for sexual pain and the ultimate climax to sexual gratification can and is beautiful. Don't you agree? Regarding age, so far, I have in one week received, including yours, 12 resposnes to my answering their letters of inquiry, stating they prefer one older because of experience and limits respected. Most of these, including yourself, are in their 20's. Too many M's have been hurt by an S with lack of experience. Which would you rather have?

From your letter, you sound very interesting and one who loves sexual pain. I know you will not be sorry, as my ad states, "your limit respected." However, I can and have gone far-out to those who want it, still no physical pain.

By your raising calves for selling, I take it you have some form of a ranch, with a barn. The idea intrigues me to work an M in a barn, where various ways of Bonage can be used and hearing him groan and twist in sexual pain without worrying about noise. I have no car, but if the idea intrigues you, I would gladly pay for gas, if you like the idea of picking me up like on a Saturday and working you over part of Saturday and Saturday night, and maybe into part of Sunday. A barn can invoke many possibilities of Sexual Torment.

My leather toys:

Wrist and ankle restraints ..... Cat-O-Nine tails
Collar ..... Candles
Waist Band ..... Ball Stretcher
Gag ..... Needles
Hood (for you) ..... Rack (For use here only, too
Dildo (9" long) ..... heavy to move)
Leather Belt ..... Rope
Whip ..... 40' of Chain

If this turns you on, fine. Remember, this is strictly for sexual pain and pleasure. The more one can stand, the better. Dig beer, amyl (poppers) some water sports and if you are turned on by grass, fine. I have none myself.

I have made myself as honest as I can. One real S/M session will convince you. I do not go for a guys looks. Don't want them fat or in their 80's. A reply will be appreciated with a pic., as you say answer quickly.

After reading the letter, I got in contact with him right away and we set a date for the coming Saturday. He had wanted to work on me in my barn, which I had mentioned, so I was not going to see the rack, but he sounded so good that I decided whatever he wanted was fine with me. It was not my decision anyway.

He had no car so I had to go into Hollywood to pick him up. He had said that he was in his 40's and he was in his 60's. Also he

must have weighed less than 110 pounds dripping wet. However, I was thinking after all we were not going to have sex, so what did I care what he looked like. He had a bag with him that he called his toy bag and then I discovered he stuttered quite badly. That almost did it. I was about to change my mind but I didn't. While we were enroute back to the ranch, during normal conversation, he appeared like any other queen that I had met. He was nothing like what I had pictured.

When we arrived at the ranch, I showed him around the place, and we went into the living room, where for the next two hours he bent my ear telling me what a great Sadist he was, and how he really gave it to them. It was kind of educational for me for I knew nothing about the S/M scene at the time. I gathered from his conversation that I was suppose to be meek and humble and act like a slave or a well trained dog.

After about two hours he wanted me to get down on my knees and lick his boots, but I wouldn't go for it. I thought here is some brainless old man that I could throw through the front door at any time, and he wants me to lick his boots and worship him like a god. Bullshit! After this I just came out with it. I told him that I pictured being tortured, beaten and writhing in pain as his letter suggested. So, he said, "O.K., Let's go out to the barn." We got out to the barn and he told me to get undressed, which I did. Meanwhile he got some restraints out of his toy bag and put these on my hands and feet. He then got a collar and put that on me. None of this did a thing for me. Next he needed some rope and did not have any so I cut him four pieces that I had in the barn. He secured my feet to the center supports in the barn pulling each leg wide apart. He could not reach high enough to fasten my hands to the overhead beams, which I could touch from where I was, so he had to get a ladder. He got up on the ladder and tied the ropes to the restraints and around the beam in a bow knot that I could reach and untie at will. I was thinking at the time that that was awfully dumb on his part for what if I changed my mind or got mad. But I was thinking after all this trouble I might as well finish this. Next he put a blindfold on me. Then he took the amyl inhaler and stuck it under my nose and told me to inhale. This was the first time that I ever had any amyl and it did excite me. With the blindfold on and the effect of the amyl, and being strung up (supposedly helpless, although I was not), I began to turn on. I was still not so sure that he was not the Sadist he said he was although I knew it would be nothing like I had expected. I had myself braced for sudden and excruciating pain, but it did not come. He took some dull instrument, such as a pencil with a round end and scrapped my skin with it, applying slight pressure. I barely felt it. I made no movement, for I had nothing to move for. He next took some clothes pins and put one on each teat. They hurt a little bit, but not that much. He kept telling me we had to "go slow." "Go slow," I was thinking, I wanted him to lay into me and quit playing around, but I said nothing. He next hooked some apparatus to my balls and put about five pounds of weight on the apparatus and told me to swing it, which I did. Next he gave me some more amyl and told me we were really going to get into it now. I could hear him swinging the whip, and was thinking "Oh boy, now I am going to get my whipping." He took the cat and hit me repeatedly all over the body with it, but the weight of the whip was all the force that he applied. I could hardly even feel it. I decided maybe he was just starting out when suddenly he quit, and got on his knees and blew me. He was an excellent cocksucker and it did not take me long to become aroused. He stuck the amyl inhaler under my nose again, and continued to blow me until I came. The whole thing took about 45 minutes. He then untied me and we went into the house. He kept telling me we had to start slow and easy and could not jump into it all at once. All I knew was that I was very disappointed. He was a very nice guy and I did not want to be rude toward him so he remained the entire day bending my ear on into the night telling me how he really gave it to them, and what a fabulous S. he was.

It was about eleven P.M. that I suggested to him that we get into it again. He did not want to, claiming I was not ready, that he knew what was best for me. I kept prodding him and finally we went into the bedroom and he told me to lie on the bed face down and hold onto the headboard without restraints. He gave me some amyl and started whipping my back and ass. He kept coming down harder and harder, but never hard enough. I was twisting around and really digging the whole thing. It was just getting started as far as I was concerned, when he stopped and said I could not take anymore. I was not going for that at all. I told him I wanted more, and amazingly enough he complied to an extent. He lit into me maybe seven or eight more times and that was it. I did not think it was right for me to have to beg my S to beat me so I did not. He jumped in the sack and I think I blew him and vice versa and then we went to sleep. The next morning I made the excuse that I had something important to take care of and took him back to town.

Needless to say I was extremely disappointed in him. I knew there had to be someone around better than he was and I was going to find him. He gave me enough of a taste of pain so that I knew this was for me. I was also intrigued with the idea of becoming a slave, but did not know how to go about it.

I was already aware that there were leather bars in Los Angeles, but for some reason I had never thought about visiting them. I soon found out where they were and spent the next week, every night, cruising them. I learned that keys on the right meant M and on the left S, the same with earrings etc. I found this all very exciting the first few nights. They all looked so masculine and nothing like the run of the mill queens that I never cared for or associated with. I never did go home with anyone that I met in the bars. I would ask them what they dug, and found them all very dull and not much more interesting than regular queens. They certainly were not anything like what I was looking for.

It was about a week after my first experience that I got a reply from one of my earlier letters. His name was Richard and he lived not far from where I lived. The letter was as follows;

Slave Robert,

Thanks for your letter in reply to my Advocate ad. You sound like just the type of person I am interested in meeting.

I am 5' 9½", 144 lbs., have blond, sunbleached hair medium length, blue eyes and tanned.

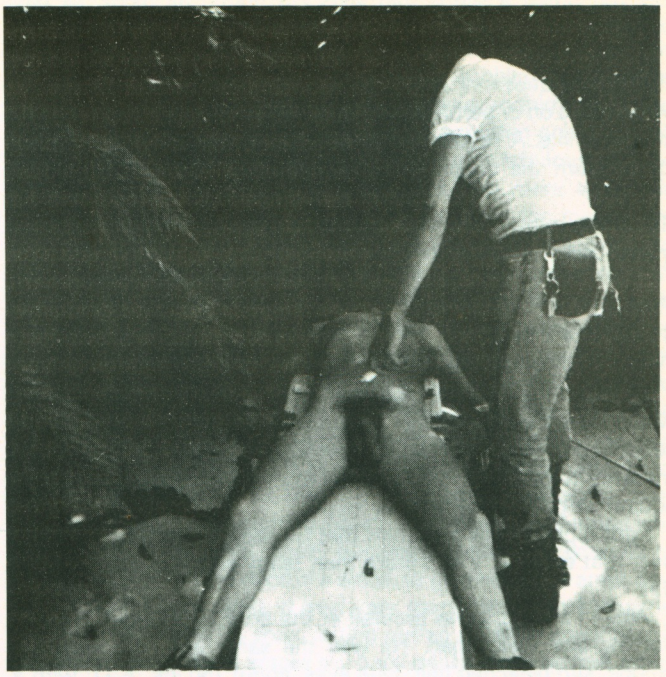
I groove on all kinds of scenes. I dig moderate S/M. I don't dig scenes that get brutal or bloody or anything like that which would do real permanent damage or leave scars. I do dig welts, but they go away after a while. The idea is to find ultimate pleasure and a fantastic turn-on by fulfilling mutual fantasies. The other guy's limits must be respected - whatever they are.

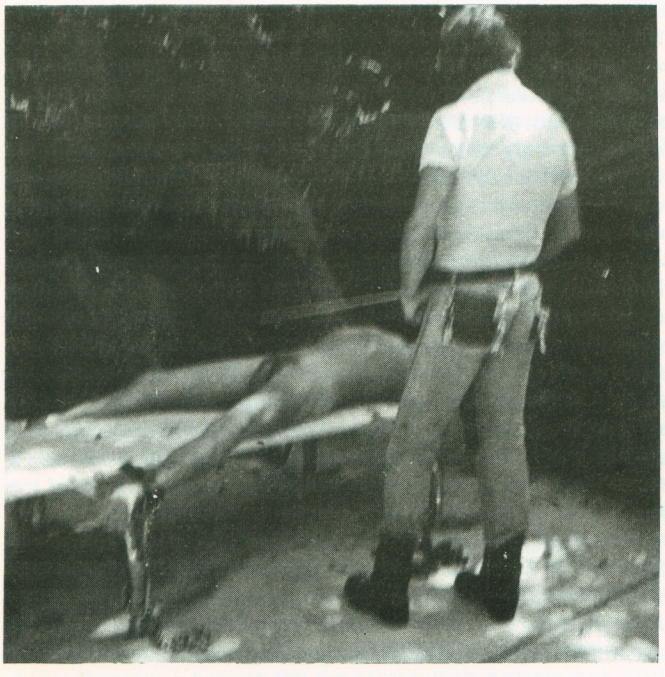
Here is a questionnaire for you to fill out. I am using the questionnaire to insure that your needs are met and that I stay within your liimits. Feel free to use the back or another sheet of paper.

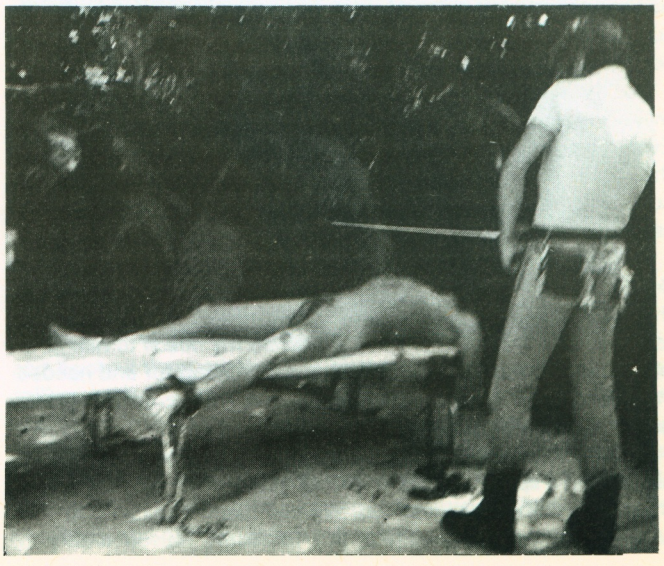
Your letter contained the statement, "I like only the real thing and not so much the mental trip." Explain this in greater detail.

I can go either slave or master, but lately it seems more master than slave. I believe that to be a good master, you have to be a good M first to develop the empathy and sensitivity needed.

I have a collection of toys and know how to use them. I like thinking up new ideas and trying them. I have my own home with a pool and an 8' privacy fence so there is room for water sports too.







Do you prefer a scene that lasts 2-3 hours, all night, all day, weekend or ?

Return the questionnaire at once with a full length nude photo with a hard on or perhaps you have a photo from a recent session that you like..A regular photo is O.K., but not as good. In any case return the questionnaire *NOW.*

To assure mutual interest, I will send you my picture when I get yours and the questionnaire.

Richard
11325 Blix Street
North Hollywood, Ca. 91602

He asked that I send a picture of myself, and my phone number which I did. I explained that I wanted a real scene, a real torture session; not what I had earlier experienced. I think the phrasing in my letter to him was that I wanted to moan and groan, twist and squirm in pain, with no way out.

I got a phone call from him that Sunday, asking me to come over that evening. I was more than ready and was there on the dot.

When I arrived, I was greeted at the door by Richard. He was nothing like I expected. He was the same age as I was, 26, blonde, sun bleached hair, blue eyes, about 150 lbs., 5'11, with a swimmers build. He was very attractive and did not hit me as the Sadist type, although I had nothing to compare him with. He was wearing a pair of faded levis and was barefooted with no shirt. He had a broad smile on his face, and seemed very pleased to see me. He showed me through the house, and offered me a drink.

He lived in a big modern house with all the trimmings. The back area had a swimming pool with a hot pool or spa at one end, with red lights in the spa area and blue in the pool. The pool area was surrounded with an 8' brick wall, for privacy. The inside of the house was elaborately furnished, mostly with expensive antique furniture. There were waterbeds in two of the bedrooms, one of which had chains at each corner. The other water bed was a huge oval shape done all in white fur. The house was luxurious and done in excellent taste. Eventually we took our drinks into the study and ended up talking until three in the morning. It was an instant attraction on both of our parts. He and I had almost parallel pasts. He was also an ex doper and alcoholic, and was a general failure, till the last two years when he quit pills and liquor. He had the same longings and interests in S/M that I did. He had a lover for a number of years before, and the two of them used to get into S/M between them all the time. He explained that they would whip each other, and get into all of the usual S/M sex rituals. I found him the deepest and most sincere person that I had ever met in my life. We got into an intimate conversation, such as I have never had with anyone else, about our mutual sexual needs and wants.

For the next two weeks I was over at his place or he was at mine every night. We became as close as two humans could be. Everything about us was the same, from physical description to the initials in our names. The only thing we did not have in common was that I was mechanically inclined whereas, he was astute in the business world which I knew little about.

During our conversations he had explained to me that he definitely dug the S side more than the M, but would go M if he thought he could learn, or found someone that knew enough to take him on a groovy trip. I had explained my needs to him as an M and he understood exactly what I was looking for and needed. We found each other so fascinating that it took us two weeks before we finally got around to having a scene.

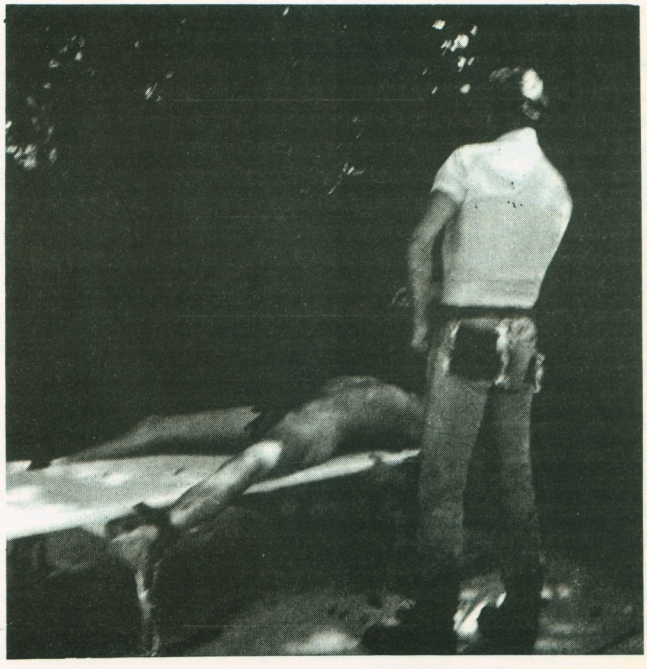
It was decided for the first session that I was to come over to his place at a specified time, 8:00 P.M. just walk in and sit down in the study without conversation. We had planned on getting it on a couple of times before this but for some reason ended up talking all night. We were never to have this problem again.

I arrived at the specified time and was a bit nervous and anxious, as I knew that at last I was to get what I had always wanted. This time it would be for real, and not a repeat of my previous experience.

Richard's scene was simple; he got off on another's pain and misery, by empathising with them and going with them in their hurt and agony. It was my place to receive this pain for him. This scene had far more appeal than anything I had yet encountered, for I really dug him and I knew he dug me. I walked in the door and went into the study as I was told to do. I sat down and waited. He walked in right after I did, took the leather hood out of the toy box, and put it on me. He then took the four restraints and put them on my wrists and ankles after I had gotten undressed. He then walked me out to the patio around the pool area. He made me stand on a little box and he hooked the restraints that were fastened to my wrists to two eye bolts in the rafters of the house. He then hooked my feet to two chains and hooked the chains to the patio supports, leaving my legs slightly apart. He then kicked the box from under me and I was half hanging from the roof, barely able to touch the ground with my toes. He took the amyl inhaler and stuck it under my nose while holding one nostril closed. I took several deep breaths. My head was spinning. He started in with the cat-o-nine tails, working me all over with it across my back and chest, not too hard so it felt like a slight stinging and burning sensation. He kept coming down harder and harder, but no where near my limit. He was talking to me, telling me that he dug me and wanted me to take as much as I could for him, and to groove on it that we were going to go slowly, ever so slowly, till I broke, till there was nothing left, no will, no spirit. He kept up this routine for about fifteen minutes, till I was a solid mass of redmarks, and my skin was heated from the whip and stimulation. I was having trouble at first relaxing, and could not enjoy it that much, but I was trying. He next took me down from the rafters and told me to lie on my back on the cement. He then took the chains which were attached to my ankle restraints and hooked them to the eyebolts in the rafters. This pulled my legs up in the air with my body lying on the patio. He then took a riding crop and started working over my thighs and lower legs. The crop was a stingy thing, nothing like the cat, and he would hit once then in blasts of three, all the time talking to me. The riding crop stung so much especially in that area, I could not help but jerk and pull the chains. He then started working me without a break, one blow right after the other. I would twist to one side to get out of the way only to be hit on the other side. I was pulling and twisting constantly, babbling incoherently, and thinking I could not take much more when he stopped. He then held my head and told me I did beautifully, giving me a few gentle pats while at the same time mounting my face and shoving his cock down my throat. He was hung as well as I was with eight inches or better, and I could not get it down my throat. I sucked his cock for about one minute when he pulled it out and told me I was a lousy cocksucker but he would teach me. I was a little hurt being called a lousy cocksucker but was more enthused about being taught how to be a good cocksucker. He reached up and untied my feet and led me out to the diving board by the pool. He layed me on my back on the diving board and secured my hands under the board and my feet by the side of the board to the supports that held the diving board up. I could see slightly out of the bottom of the hood. It was a beautiful evening, and the breeze was cool blowing across my chest and stomach. I could see the steam coming off the pool, with the reflection of the blue lights on one end and the red on the other where the spa was. He then told me that he would be back in a minute and left me there. He was gone about five minutes. While I was lying on the diving board, I was experiencing a peace I had never known before. It was a rich and full feeling. Nothing seemed important to me except Richard. I lie there patiently awaiting his return. I was not afraid now or hung

up about anything but was quite content. He returned and began telling me that I was going to hurt for the next twenty minutes but he would be with me and I should groove on it. He then took Ben Gay menthol and spread it on my ass and balls. It felt cool for a few seconds and then it started burning but good. He was stroking my head telling me that I was O.K. It kept getting hotter and hotter till I thought I was on fire, but I never complained, just moaned and twisted. He then took a candle and started melting

wax, I was half out of my mind with pain, but I was in ecstasy at the same time. He then took the candle and melted wax on my teats, finally covering my chest and stomach at random. He did this off and on for about ten minutes, stroking my head occasionally. He then covered my ass and balls again with the menthol and told me he would return. The menthol I had gotten accustomed to by now and it felt more like a warming sensation than a burn. I was lying there on the diving board, wondering what was going to take place next, grooving on my helpless position and the thoughts of what had just taken place. Also the Ben Gay helped to maintain my arousal. I had a very short wait before Richard returned. He told me that he was going to give me my first cock sucking lesson, and then we would really get into it with what he called phase three of my whipping. First he said that he would have to remove the wax from my cock and balls and body. He gave me some amyl and took the riding crop and started hitting the hard wax on my cock and balls. It hurt like hell, but I gritted my teeth and held on. He then turned to my teats and hit them rapidly, causing less of a sting but still excrutiating. I was in heat thinking of my coming cocksucking training lesson, and could have gone through most anything. He moved back to my cock and balls now, hitting them harder, and causing small cuts. The Ben Gay was getting in the cuts and I could not hold back the screams any longer. He stopped after a few seconds, stroking my head, and then continued this process for about two minutes until most of the wax was gone. He then untied my feet and pulled me down on the diving board until my head hung over the edge on the patio side. this left my body flat on the board with my head hanging over the edge, and my hands still secured under the board. He told me he was going to shove his cock clear down my throat and did not want me to gag. He said he would not leave it down there long enough for me to get scared about lack of air and not to worry about it. He told me to concentrate on not gaging. He stuck the anyl inhaler in one of my nostrils and I took several deep breaths. He did the same. I started concentrating on not gaging and he placed his cock in my mouth and slowly shoved it down my throat. The position was wonderful as it slid straight down with no problem and I did not gag. He pulled right out and said now we're going to do it again. We repeated this process several times. He then started teaching me how to breathe while being face fucked. He told me everythime he pulled out to either exhale or inhale until we got a rhythm going. It took several minutes and we were going fine. It was fabulous and the first time that I really dug sucking cock, the more especially because it was his cock. We fucked like this for maybe ten minutes then he pulled out and said we are going to move onto the bed and go into the depths of pain a bit. I was quivering with anticipation and excitement. We moved into the bedroom with the water bed that had the four chains on the corners and he secured me spread eagle on my stomach. He filled my head with amyl and said let's go as the cat-o-nine tails fell across my back, softly, several times, like it was hunting where to bite. Then it hit hard, and again fell gently several times and bit hard again and again. It hurt but my mind was somewhere else, and I would just groan and twist as it bit into my back again and again, ever harder, my twisting becoming more frantic as my body tuned into the rhythm of the whip, finally becoming almost accustomed to its bite, he would stop once in a while, to give me more amyl, and we would take off again. It hurt very much now, but I stopped squirming and I just lay there letting out an *OOMPH* every time it hit. He would let it fall across my back gently three or four times then it would come hard. I was sweating profusely now, digging every minute of it. This was the first time I was actually whipped and I loved it. We never did peak out with this routine, but stopped finally and he said we will go ten more then move into the other bedroom, and finish with the bull whip. I replied, "It's alright, how ever many." He came down hard, this time across my ass. I just pulled the chains and buried my head in the pillow and groaned as he rapid fired nine more. My head was twisting in ecsasy and pain as the whip fell again and again. I was wet with sweat. He finished and untied me and took me into the big bedroom where the round water bed was and told me to stand on my knees on the edge of the bed. He secured my hands together



and hooked them with chains to the top of the overhead in the ceiling. I still had my restraints on. He then took the amyl inhaler and stuck it under my nose and told me to take several deep breaths. He started telling me that bull whips were the grooviest of all the whips and he wanted me to dig being bull whipped. He told me when I could take no more to put my weight on the water bed itself, and off the edge and he would quit. He started slowly,

curling the whip around me several times, each time at a little different pace. He would snap it in the back ground; it sounded like a gunshot. Then it came and bit hard. It shook my cavities loose as the pain streached through my body. I took several deep breaths as the whip clung to my sweat soaked body, then slipped gently down and away. It was a deep thuddy pain, and hurt about an inch deep, with the trailer leaving a small cut in my side and a sharp sting. He curled the whip around me several more times, at varying intensities, then again it came down hard. It hurt so much, and rocked me so bad that it was all I could do to keep my balance and not fall on the bed accidently. He continued this process for about half an hour, at varying speeds alternating soft and then hard. Each time it was worse and hurt more. Finally he came down hard, then ripped it back and came on again and again. On the third blow I was rocked completely out and fell on the bed hanging from my arms as the pain subsided. I did not want to fall on the bed but I could not have stood another blow of such intensity. He had always before given me time to absorb each blow, but this time he did not. I was weak as a kitten and sweating profusely. He untied my hands and I collapsed on the bed. He followed me and we were going to have sex but were both too rung out and completely filled to be bothered with sex. We lay there for forty five minutes while he explained that he came on hard like that to peak me out, otherwise my whipping could have gone on indefinitely, and I was getting pretty ripped up. He suggested we go out to the spa and soak for awhile. We were already as intimate as we could get. He knew and understood my every feeling and thought. It was not necessary to disuss what had taken place that evening because of the deep personal feelings that vibrated between the two of us all evening.

The spa was heated to about 105 degrees and the steam was rolling off it as the night air had cooled considerably. It was a heavenly sensation, sitting in the spa with him, the cool night air occasionally breaking through the rising steam and gently blowing across my upper body. The stars were all out and life had a deep and rewarding meaning for me now, which it had not had for the past several years. I returned home later that evening feeling more fulfilled than ever in my life.

We had no problem after this evening getting into anything we felt like at any time.

Richard and I at various times had talked about different S/M personalities that he knew and had had experiences with and I had told him of my last experience. I had mentioned that the guy that I had made it with had a rack. The idea of being stretched intrigued both Richard and I. We both had a dungeon pictured with a huge stretch rack in it. I had explained that the guy was not attractive or young but the idea of the rack had us so intrigued that we wanted to try it. We decided we would call him and both play M for him at his place. He was agreeable to this and the date was set for the next weekend. We also explained that I was marked up but he said that would be no problem.

It was a Saturday night at 8:00 P.M. when we were due to arrive. We arrived about a half hour late and were graciously asked in and served a drink. Richard and I sat on the couch while he sat in a chair on the other side of the room. He had a very nice, though ordinary Hollywood apartment. Richard and he soon struck up an interesting conversation about various S/M activities. I had little background or experience to speak from so I just sat and listened. He was coming on with his usual line of how he really gives it to them and what a great S he was. During the course of the conversation he said he got them on the rack, and when they could not take any more he gave them five more turns.

Richard and he were talking back and forth and in the conversation it came out that it was a turn on to some people to eat out of a dog dish, and supposedly I agreed with them somewhere along the line. Well Mr. X went into the kitchen and came out with a dog dish filled with beer and said, "You like to eat out of a dog dish, there it is, so eat." This was right out of the blue, and I wasn't ready for it. I refused, and was ready to end the whole thing right then but Richard got down and said I will drink out of the dish. I figured if he could do it, it must be o.k., and I certainly will go along, so I followed suit. I could have turned on to it if it was done right but not like that. After that we got undressed and took turns sucking cocks and eating ass. I was bored stiff with the whole situation but was continuing because of Richard. Well after ample cocksucking Mr. X decided that we were ready for the rack. At this point I did get excited about the thought of being on a rack and being stretched. Mr. X indicated that the rack was in the back bedroom and we went back there. I found the rack a horrible disapointment. To me it looked like a ping pong table that was six inches off the ground. It was a piece of plywood with some kind of screw device that separted the table. But I was thinking if it works good that is all that counts anyway. Richard was put on the rack first and I was tied to a chair by the side of it. I could not see as I had on a blindfold. He stretched Richard out and I heard him moaning and groaning and was dying with anticipation thinking my turn was coming. He hit Richard about five times across the stomach with the cat, while he was stretched, and blew him until he came.

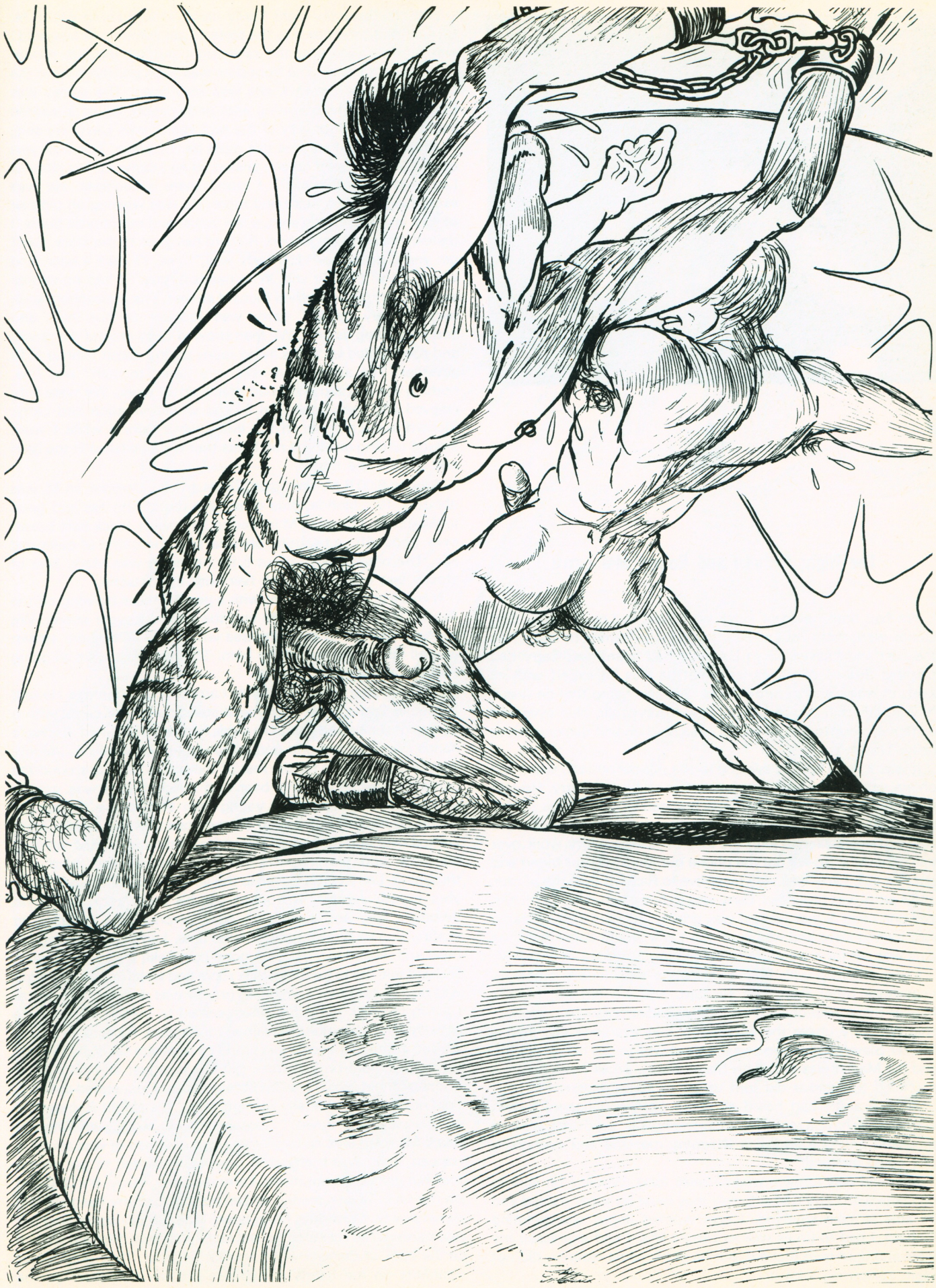
Next it was my turn. He untied me and placed me on the rack. He put restraints on my hands and feet and secured them to the four corners of the rack. He then gave me some amyl and started cranking. It is true that I am an M, but not a stupid M. I remembered what he had said in the living room, about giving them five more turns when they could not take anymore. When it started to get tight I took notice of how much tension I thought each turn created, and started moaning and complaining way before hand figuring with my five extra turns I would be just where I wanted to be. Well as soon as I complained he stopped cranking the rack and backed it off a turn. So there I laid, not stretched at all, just getting the shit cut out of my ankles by the restraints. I did not think it was right for me to say "Sir, my five extra turns please," so I just laid there. He hit me across the chest about seven or eight times with the cat, and then blew me until I came, the same as he had done with Richard. The deal was not a total turn off but I felt definately cheated, for I had not been stretched.

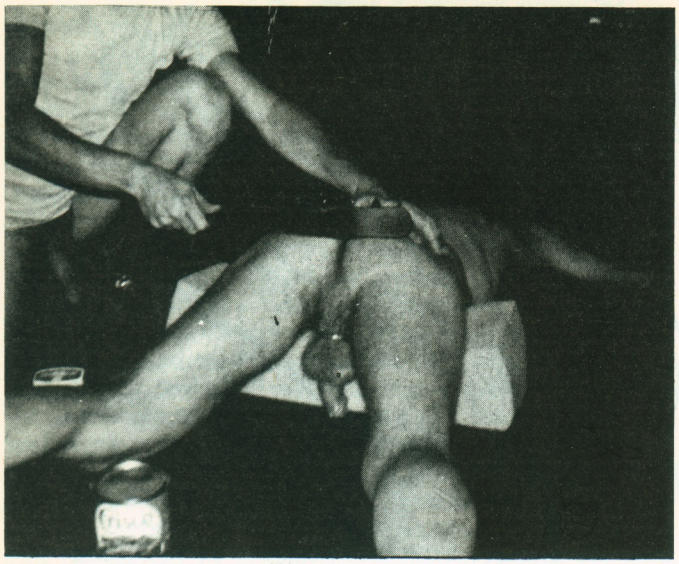
Richard and I thanked him very much for the evening and went out to the car and started home. We got in and neither of us said anything until we were well down the Hollywood freeway. Richard was driving and I was crouched against the door. Richard said all of a sudden, "Well that certainly was a fucked up scene." I replied, "It certainly was." I then explained what happened when I was getting stretched. Richard had done exactly the same thing I had done, and Mr. X had backed him off one turn as he had done with me. Richard said to me at that time, in a sad voice, "Robert there are not any S's that can take us on a trip, and that is why I am S. I do for others what no one can do for me, and I get off on it that way." We were talking back and forth on the way home, and decided, "Why don't we build a play room out at the ranch with a rack in it that is a rack?" Richard thought this was a great idea. It was further decided that he could do numbers on me out there and we could have other M's over. We would split the costs of it and build the most elaborate play room anywhere, no, not just a play room, a real dungeon.

We spent the next couple of evenings talking about what we wanted and how we wanted to build it. Richard knew nothing about building anything so it was left entirely up to me.

This evening, while of little significance in itself, marked the beginning of what was to become the most elaborate S/M facility in the world. Things happened quite rapidly after this, and we had many experiences with various S/M personalities from all over the world.

Richard and I busied ourselves for the next two months building the rack. Every evening he was over testing this or that. It only took about three weeks to build the rack with the stretch





The Night Richard and Robert Met Larry

We had both heard of Larry who lived in Los Angeles. The stories were many, but all had one thing in common. Larry was the best and heaviest S in L.A. We had heard that Larry had branded dozens of slaves, and that he was an expert with all kinds of whips and torture devices. We also heard that he was 6 ft. 2 in. tall, thin and muscular, brown wavy hair, blue eyes and extremely good looking. I would get a hard on just thinking about being branded.

It was a dull Tuesday evening in the middle of July, when the phone rang. It was a friend of ours that also knew Larry. He told Richard and I that Larry had just branded another slave for his master. That did it. I was in heat. I had to meet Larry, and Richard was extremely excited with the idea of helping Larry work over one of his M's. So we got the phone number from our friend and put in a call. Larry was very receptive to Richard over the phone, and a party was proposed. Larry was to bring two slaves with him and one other S that he said was groovy. Richard said he had a well trained slave and was sure that Larry would enjoy him. The date was set for a week from the coming Saturday at 8:00 P.M.

I was crawling with both anticipation and doubts. I had no experience other than with Richard, and we did not have a Master-Slave relationship, we had a Sadist-Masochist relationship.We were under the impression that everyone else had a Master-Slave relationship and the slave was to call his owner Sir, and the Master was to call his Slave, Slave. So all week long we practiced this and it did turn us on to some degree.

Richard and I had heard all about Larry's dungeon. It was supposed to have a rack in it, whipping horses, solid brick walls, a thousand and one whips, a whipping machine and everything one could imagine.

My mind was running wild all week long. Would I be able to compete with Larry's M's. Surely they must be super trained and be able to take anything. I was worried about disappointing Richard. I had to do as well as Larry's M's. I had expressed my fears and doubts to Richard, but he in his usual manner, did not seem concerned with it.

Well the Saturday night finally came. It was about 7:00 P.M. Richard had gone down to the store to get some more beer and I was in what was now the rack room putting the last minute touches on the rack. The front door was open and the door to the bedroom where the rack sits was also open. The stereo was blasting and I was quivering with anticipation. All of a sudden standing in the door way of the rack room, was Larry. He said, "Excuse me guy I assume this must be the place. The door was open, I knocked and no one answered so I came in. My name is Larry. Are you Richard?" I stood there speechless. He was everything I had pictured and more. He was wearing an old pair of torn levis with a tee shirt, a levi jacket and motorcycle boots. I replied, "No sir, I am Robert. Richard has gone to the store. Can I get you a beer, Sir?" His reply was, "Yea, I'll take a beer, and knock off all that Sir shit. Who needs it, guy." I had no sooner served Larry his beer when Richard arrived. The atmosphere soon became very cordial. Larry was looking at our rack and complimenting us on it. We then showed Larry around the ranch, and soon ended up in the living room talking about various S/M activities. The atmosphere was very "man to man" and free, nothing like Richard and I had practiced all week. We were very relieved and very turned on by the whole situation and Larry. Richard and Larry sat in the living room talking while I went around turning on all the red lights that were installed in the barn and around the house.

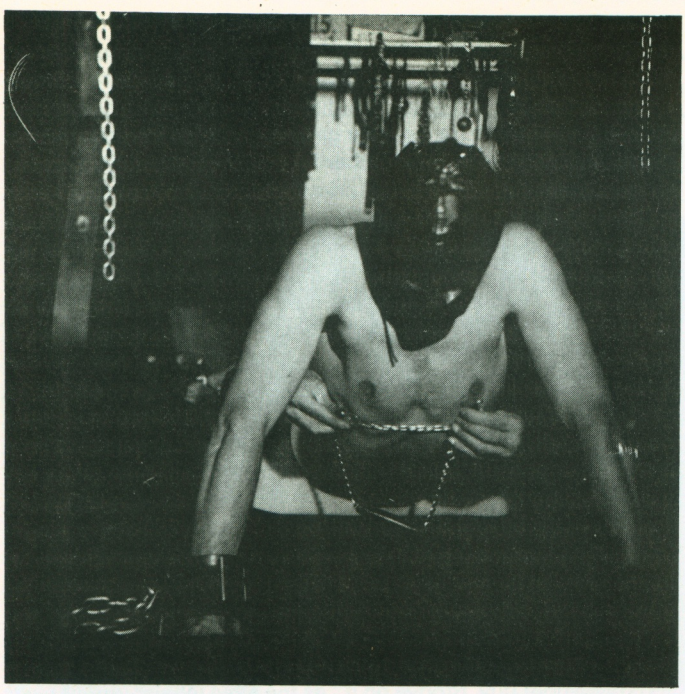
Around 8:00 P.M. the other guests arrived. Jerome, an M, was about 5' 10", blonde, blue eyes, nice round firm ass and good looking. Lee, the other M looked to be Jewish, black hair, brown eyes, about 6ft., a beautiful physical specimen, kind of quiet and shy. The other S was about 6 ft., his name was Mark, kind of stocky and muscular, black hair with a mustache.

It was a hot summer night with a gentle breeze blowing off the desert. The smells of alfalfa and the livestock were strong. We soon moved out to the barn area where hay bales were strewn around inside and out of the barn. The red lights were all going and the atmosphere was set.

Not long after we went outside Larry called to Jerome. He said "Jerome. Come here." Larry was standing by the corral with a couple of chains and padlocks in his hands. He chained Jerome's hands one over and one under the upper corral railing. Jerome was to remain there for the rest of the night. We sat around the corral for awhile drinking beer and bullshitting. I was getting excited as hell, seeing the young man tied to the corral, half sitting on his knees grooving on the stars and the smells. Mark walked over and slipped off Jerome's pants and started stroking his cock and playing with his ass. Jerome was hard and throbbing. Larry walked over to the young man, and said "Open your mouth Jerome. He pulled out his huge cock, laid it on Jerome's lips, and started to piss. Jerome was moaning in ecstasy and swallowing at the same time. Larry was stroking his head and repeating, "That's a good boy. Take it all." Meanwhile Richard told me to go to the rack room and wait for him. My mind was racing, as I knew something groovy was going to take place. I sat in the rack room for what seemed to be forever but was actually about ten minutes waiting for Richard. Richard and Larry walked in simultaneously and stood on opposite sides of the rack. Larry said, "Get on your rack guy," I was just standing there, nothing on but levis. I was dumbfounded and just stared at Larry. I did not move, and finally Richard said, "It's alright Robert. Get on the rack face down." I stepped back, slightly shaking my head. My mind was racing. What I had dreamed of was about to happen, and I was scared and nervous. I wanted to get on the rack but just could not move. Larry repeated, "Guy, it's O.K. Get on the rack." I was staring at Larry and shook my head up and down slowly. My mouth hung open. I tried to say something but just muttered as I climbed on the rack I had built. Richard walked to the back of the rack and Larry to the front. They quickly put restraints on my hands and ankles and secured them to the

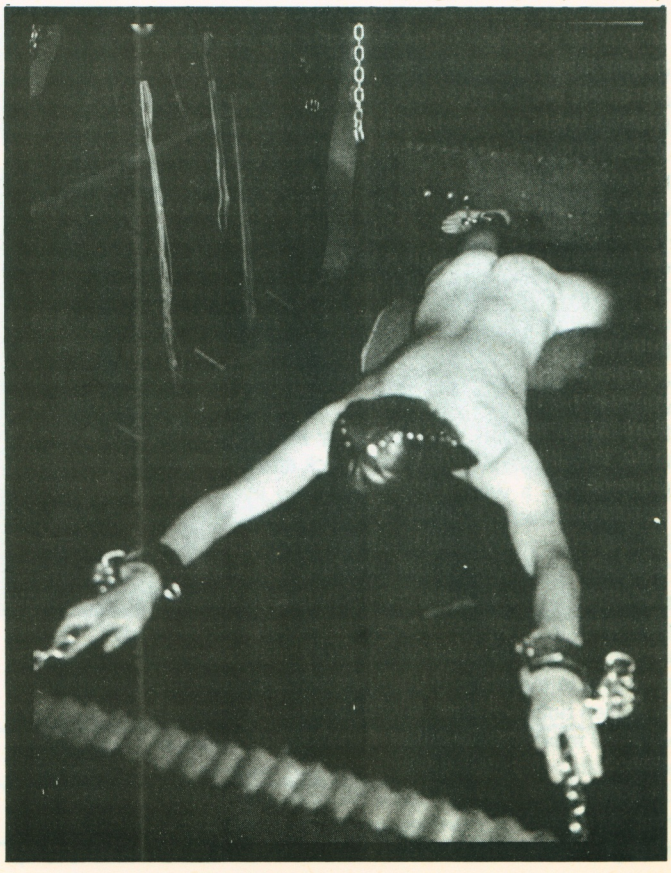
chains already attached to the rack. Richard cranked the rack out tightening my extremities. Larry climbed on top of me ripped my levis off and put a log under my crotch leaving my ass high in the air and exposed. Having my levis ripped off was a trip in itself. I knew that I was in for a wild scene, that up to now I had only heard about. I was scared shitless and turned on more than I had ever been. I was worried to death that I was not going to be able to endure this ordeal without screaming too much, and disappointing Richard. This was all racing through my mind, at once, and I could not concentrate on one subject long enough to say anything, so I just did as I was told. Richard meanwhile put the leather hood over my face and secured it. Richard and Larry both spoke in a low pitched, constant and reasuring voice. Larry saturated some toilet paper with amyl and stuck it under my nose. Larry was also playing with my ass, rubbing his hands over it and squeezing, saying, "It's O.K. guy. Relax and groove on it. We are going to go outside for a while, and when I come back, I am going to beat and rape you. I want you to groove on it and get your head into it, because it's going to happen". Richard repeated in the same low voice, "It's O.K. Go with it."

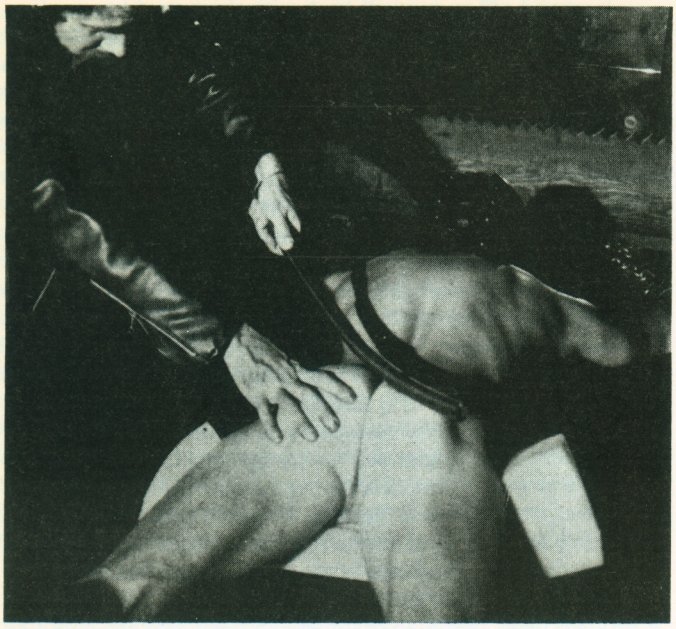
Larry then told me to lift my chest and I did as much as possible. I then felt Larry's strong calloused hands reach around both sides and find my nipples. He then played with them for a second, and then came a deep sharp sting simultaneously on both nipples. I jerked on the chains with which my hands were fastened and let out a muffled moan. They hurt so much, I kept my back arched for a few seconds as the sting subsided into a deep burning sensation then lowered my body back to rest on the rack. I heard Larry climb off the rack and the two of them left the room. My head was now full of amyl and was spinning like mad, I could hear my heart pounding in my chest, as I now was getting very accustomed to the deep burn in my chest. It was not long until I heard several people come into the room. It was not just Larry and Richard, I was going to have an audience. Oh boy, I was thinking, now I had to do well. My chest was already on fire from the teat clamps which were nothing like clothes pins. The idea of having an audience, watch me getting my ass whipped, excited me all the more, but at the same time made me more nervous. However, I did not have long to think about any of this, for I felt Larry's strong hand moving across my ass, moving and squeezing. No one said a word. Where was Richard? Surely he was here. I felt Larry's hand move down to my balls and cock pulling them out from under my body and back between my legs, Larry rubbed my hard cock a couple of times then pulled up on my balls and let go. He went back to my ass, rubbing and squeezing. I heard Larry say "Stick it up for me, stick your ass up." Almost simultaneously came Richard's reassuring hand across my shoulder and back, then his deep methodical voice repeating, "It's O.K. Stick it up." Larry's hand was moving across my ass squeezing. Larry repeated, "Stick it up, way up," I tried to get it higher, but I could not. Then came a deep thud where Larry's hand was not, and then another. It hurt about two inches deep. This was no play whip, I was thinking. Oh god, it hurt so much I did not know if I dug it or not. Larry kept slapping my ass with the sap, moving his hand and squeezing where he had just hit. I was twisting my head in ecstasy and pain, as the sap was now coming down faster and more often. Then suddenly it stopped. Richard's hand then reached across my sweating back, reassuring me. Richard repeated, "Good boy. You're doing fine." Then there was a sharp sting, a feeling I knew well. It was a riding crop. First the hand, then the whip, they came down hard and often, I could no longer hold back the moans everytime the whip struck, faster and harder, with the constant voice in the background telling me to keep my ass up and groove on it. Ever faster it kept coming. I had no time between blows to absorb the pain and groove on it. My moans were now as constant as the whip. My back was sweating profusely, as my muscles rippled and pulled on the chains. My mind was spinning as the moans gave way to screams. Then it stopped, and I collapsed back on the rack as Richard's reassuring hand once again went across my back and shoulders his voice assuring me, "You're doing fine." I had no time to think of anything. I had almost forgotten about the teat clamps until I hit them as my body weight came to rest on the rack. The pain from that was just subsiding, when again the sap, followed by Larry's hand, again and again. It hurt deep now as the blows increased in intensity, one right after the other, up one side and down the other, then an occassional pause. My screams were uncontrolable now. I did not want to scream. I was trying to control myself but couldn't. My body was twisting constantly and pulling on the chains. Not once during the entire paddling did I utter a word of complaint or a plea to stop. Then suddenly it stopped. My ass was a solid mass of bruises as Larry's hand again rubbed over it finding its way to my asshole and filling it with some kind of lubricant. He then said, "Which one of you big men want to fuck this young sexy ass?" Someone crawled on top of me. It definitely was not Richard or Larry. His body was now against mine, his cock running up and down the cheeks of my ass. I could feel the intense heat radiating from my ass as the young man's body touched mine. Who was it? It was not Mark. It was too narrow for him. It had to be Lee. "Was this right?" I thought. An M is not supposed to fuck another M, how degrading. Oh well, it is not my place to complain I thought. Lee did not have a very big cock, about 5" maybe. Lee's cock soon found its way to my hole. I tightened my ass and pulled it down. I was going to make it difficult for him. Lee reached under my shirt and found both teat clamps and squeezed hard as he said, "Lift your ass and loosen it up." I screamed loud as I followed the instructions and Lee's shaft slipped into my body before I realized what had happened. Lee loosened his grip on the teat clamps and rested on top of me as he was fucking me with long slow strokes. Someone had turned the stereo up and I could not hear the others talking. They sounded like distant muffles through the thick leather hood. Lee would occassionaly squeeze one of my teat clamps telling me to get my ass up there. About then I heard a chain dragging over the rack and someone sat in front of me placing his cock near my mouth, he lifted the chain over my body and clunked it by my right arm. It was attached to his wrist. It was Jerome. Lee was supporting himself by his arms now, really slamming into my ass, Jerome said, "Open your mouth and suck." "This was too much" I was thinking. "What am I, the M for the M's I twisted my head away. Jerome reached his hand under my chest and grabbed one of the clamps and twisted hard, then repeated in a harsh voice. "Suck." I was jumping and twisting and thinking fast how to make the pain subside and I automatically ran my mouth deep down over Jerome's cock, up and down, faster and faster as Jerome never quit twisting, just twisting a little more or a little less. If I would slow up from my frantic pace, Jerome would twist harder. I did not have time to think. Just then my head was lifted off Jerome's cock. It was Richard's hand, and the amyl inhaler was stuck under my nose. I breathed deep several times as Jerome worked his other hand to my other nipple. It must be alright I thought, if Richard approves. I ran Jerome's cock deep down my throat as Jerome started working both nipples hard, too hard. I lifted my head to scream as Jerome pinched even harder. I quickly and frantically ran the long shaft back down my throat, up and down fast, for what seemed to be forever, these M's show no mercy I was thinking. I hope I get a chance at them before the evening is out. Lee was now slamming into my ass hard making loud slapping sounds as I sucked harder. All of a sudden I heard Mark say, "Come here, Jerome." "Thank god," I thought. Jerome gave a last minute super hard twist and squeeze on my nipples as he was getting up, I gave out the inevitable scream as the pain subsided back to a dull burning sensation. I had almost became unaware that I was being fucked hard and fast for the last fifteen minutes. I now was starting to groove on it as Lee seemed pleasant after Jerome.



Mark then climbed on the rack and sat where Jerome had been. He lifted my head and stuck the amyl inhaler under my nose. I took several deep breaths since I knew I was in for more of the same, or possibly worse. If that was the M, what would the S be like? I was going to endure whatever happened. Mark had a fat cock of seven inches and it was hard to get my mouth around it. I expected Mark to go for my teats but instead he was undoing the hood. He lifted my head off his cock and pulled the hood off. I looked over long enough to see Richard leading Jerome out of the room, chain attached and all. Lee stopped slamming into my ass and pulled out. I could hear now and it was apparent that they had all left the room, except for Mark who was pushing my head down on his cock, kind of gently, while at the same time running his hands through my long blonde hair. I was doing as good a job as I could sucking Mark's cock. Mark was running his hands all up and down my back, playing with my arm pits and giving them an extra squeeze, feeling my back muscles work as I sucked his cock. His hand apparently accidently hit one of my teat clamps as he was feeling my body. I jumped and half screamed, trying to muffle it, at the same time saying, "I'm sorry Sir," for I did not want to jump or scream. Mark lifted my chest, put the amyl inhaler under my nose and told me to breathe deeply. At the same time he removed both clamps with a gentle squeeze. I bit my teeth together and shook my head frantically as the pain was unbearable. It was subsiding now as I collapsed back on the rack only to be pulled back up by Mark and have my head shoved back down on his cock. This was a break for me and I certainly did not want to interupt it. I worked hard on Mark's cock, hoping Mark would be occupied with that and not think of any other activities, at least not yet. Mark was playing with my back and hair and neck. It seemed as though he was trying to feel his cock through my throat. All of a sudden Mark pushed my head down hard as he was coming. I was swallowing and gasping for air as he seemed to come forever. Finally the cock was going soft as Mark leaned back in exhaustion and I kept sucking. Mark laid there a minute or two while I finished with his cock, then he got up and said, "You're a groovy little M as he patted me on the ass and walked out. I was alone now, collapsed on the rack, my ass still in the air. I was laying there thinking back on what happened. I had endured Larry's paddling; it certainly was not light but not as heavy as I thought it would be. I was wondering why Larry had not Fucked me, I really did not care. The whole thing was ecstasy. I lay there about five minutes when Larry came into the room and said, "Come on out back with the rest of us, guy," as he was undoing my chains. I took off my restraints, pulled up my torn levis and secured them as best I could with my belt. My ass was hanging out the back where they had been ripped out but I couldn't care less. Larry walked outside, while I ran into the bathroom to get a look at my ass in the mirror. Boy, it was cut up worse than I thought, practically solid bruises. For me that was ecstasy as I was proud to display my welts.

I joined the rest out by the corral. Jerome was again tied to the corral railing, now being used as the urinal fairly frequently. Richard and I had never gotten into water sports one way or the other, but it certainly seemed groovy to me now. Everyone sat around getting drunk for about an hour and a half, supplying Jerome with all the used beer. I took great delight in pissing in his mouth, thinking back on the teat agony he gave me before in the rack room. Lee also used Jerome as he wished. All of a sudden out of the blue, Larry grabbed me by the back of the neck, half pushing and walking me over to the middle of the corral, about fifteen feet from Jerome. He said, "Drop to your knees." I did while Larry grabbed both ankles and pulled me back and flat on my stomach, wrapping chains around both legs. After he tied my ankles together he gave the end of the chain to Lee, and said, "Keep him here." He then grabbed one hand and secured it to the corral rail and then the other, spread eagle fashion. He then stuck the amyl inhaler under my nose. I breathed deeply. Larry said, "Think about it guy." He then walked over to Jerome and ripped his shirt open in the back. His levis were already pulled down. Jerome was drunk as a skunk by now and vomiting. He was half hanging by his hands and half sitting on his knees. Mark walked over to piss in his mouth again, and Jerome really got sick. Larry grabbed him by the hair was repeating in a rough stern voice, "Drink it all Jerome." He then pulled Jerome's head back and said, "Open your mouth Jerome." Jerome did, as Mark started pissing in it again. Jerome was moaning, gagging, vomiting, and swallowing, all at the same time. He was now covered with piss and vomit, hanging from the top rail of the corral like a wet dish rag. He started crying, "Larry help me, help





me, please." Larry's reply was, "Sure, Jerome," as he moved in front of him and told him to open his mouth. Jerome did as he was told, and again the gagging and swallowing, all at the same time. Jerome was crying, "Oh God. Oh God. Larry, help me, help me," as Larry kept pissing. Larry then moved in back of him and started in with the cat, hard. Jerome never cried stop-just a loud "Umph" everytime it hit and occassional "Oh God." Larry did not whip Jerome long, then he just left him there, his head wheeling around and around. Jerome's mind was obviously in another world with Larry's help. At this point we realized that Larry was a better S than we had heard. Larry had let Jerome build himself up to the point of, "no more." Then Larry moved in and pushed him farther, as he would do the rest of the evening, for this was Jerome's scene. Larry measured the depth of his M's and pushed them that extra percentage.

The bottom of the corral was solid dried cowshit. I was laying on my stomach in it, kind of grooving on the smeels, the shit the alfalfa, the hot gentle summer breeze, watching Jerome hanging from the corral rail, and thinking about what was coming next.

Mark went back and took a seat on the hay bale. Lee was holding my feet with the length of chain, and Richard and Larry walked off to the other side of the barn.

About ten minutes went by. Lee was occassionally giving a tug on the chains, cutting into my ankles just enough to get a groan. Someone was walking around, and standing in front of me on the other side of the corral rail. It was Larry and he was pissing right by my head. The night was still, the piss was hitting the dried shit and splashing, now running under my body. What a sensation. I was sorry now that I had said I did not want to drink any piss. Larry stopped, to be re-placed by Richard, who pissed, on my head. It was running down my back and dripping out of my hair. No one said a word. It was a trip in itself.

Larry walked around to where I was lying, stuck the amyl inhaler under my nose, rubbed my piss soaked hair and repeated, "Some wrangler you are, chained up here on your spread, getting pissed on, and now you're going to be whipped. I want you to groove on it. It's what you need. Richard are you ready?" I heard a snap. It was the bull whip. Richard usually snapped and cracked the thing in the air once or twice before he came down with it. I had been bullwhipped before, but never on the ground. I usually was tied to what we now referred to as the whipping post, which was a large phone pole that we had sunk in the ground, in a cleared off area. Larry moved his body close to the corral fence, his head and back covering my head. I could twist my head just enough to see Richard at about waist level. I could hear the whip crawling around on the ground in the loose straw, then up in the air, and the crack, which sounded like a gun shot. Then back on the ground again crawling around in the loose straw, then suddenly up, and the snap, the down, but ever so gently. It just fell across my back. He must be getting his aim I thought, for the position was new to him. Richard was an expert with the bull whip. The whip was again crawling around on the ground through the straw, slithering like a snake, then up in the air and down, but again ever so gently this time at the small of my back. Then again, this time at my shoulders. "That's it" I thought, "This time it is coming." I was right. The whip was crawling around. I heard Richard shift positions as it continued to crawl around. Then up in the air and the snap, and back on the ground, then up in the air again and the snap. This time it sounded like the cutting edge of the wind as it sung through the air and down across my back, making dust out of the dried shit on the corral floor. The whip dragged slowly across my back and into the straw and again was crawling around, then the crack up in the air, and back down to the straw. It crawled around for what seemed to be forever, then up in the air, the crack, and it came like the wind again across my exposed back, the trailer breaking up hunks of the dried shit and throwing them into the air. I let out a loud "Umph" and pulled at the chains as the sharp, deep, but still dull, pain was subsiding. Larry was rubbing my head repeating, "You're alright guy, groove on it" as the amyl inhaler was shoved under my nose again. I breathed deeply as the whip was again crawling around in the loose straw, and cracking in the air, returning to the ground and crawling, then it sung through the air and down across my back, periodically cutting into my throbbing flesh with its bite of ecstasy and pain. I pulled the chains tight while Larry's reassuring hand was comforting my rocking head. This process continued, maybe 70 to 80 times. Richard was using two bullwhips now, switching them about every ten blows. He would walk to the other side of me about every twenty blows or so, whiping the hunks of torn out ship off my back. After the fifty, or so, blow there was no way I could hold back the screams everythime the whip came down. It was now hitting the same area for the third or fourth time. I would lift my head as much as I could and look across the pasture at the calves, lying in the short grass, the gentle warm breeze blowing and carressing my exposed back. I was thinking back when I was a child, and thinking about Richard. I could hear the whip crawling around,

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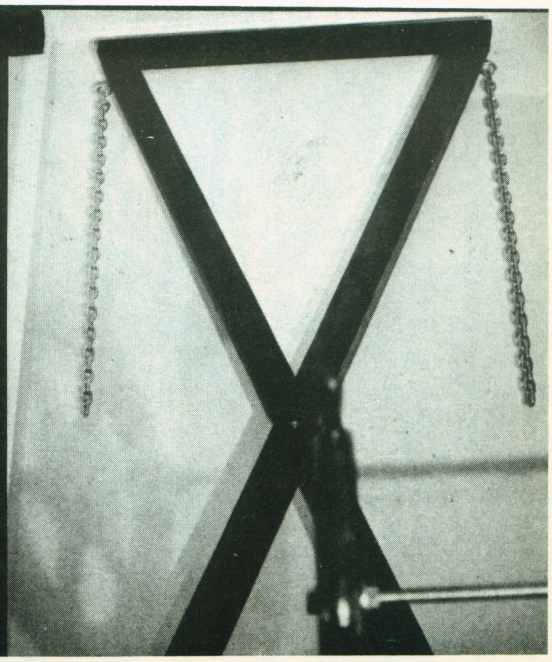
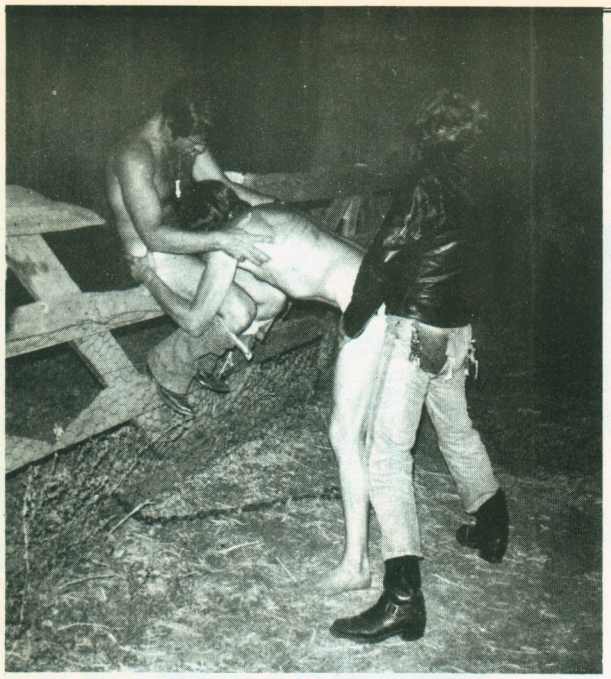
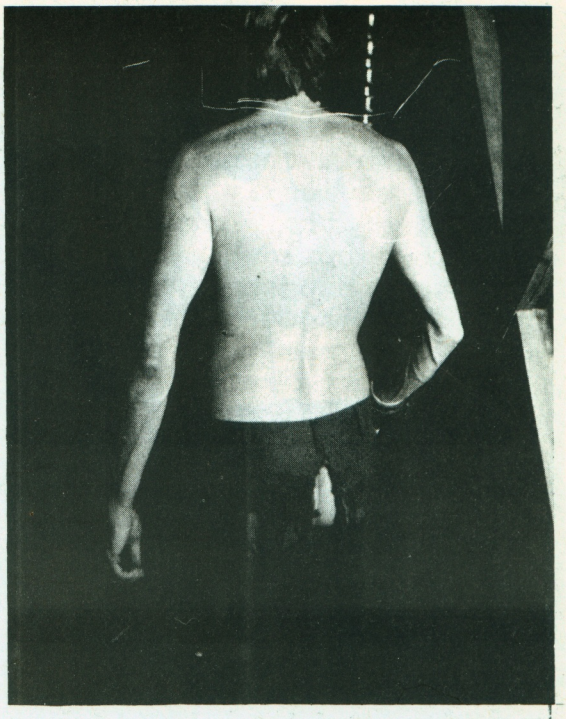
One of my biggest fetishes has always been for crosses and still is. As the S, I have never used a cross of the 'T' type. As the M the same rule applies.

I have built crosses of about every type, but never used them. I think the reason for this is my wish for crucification. Twice I have come close to fullfilling it.







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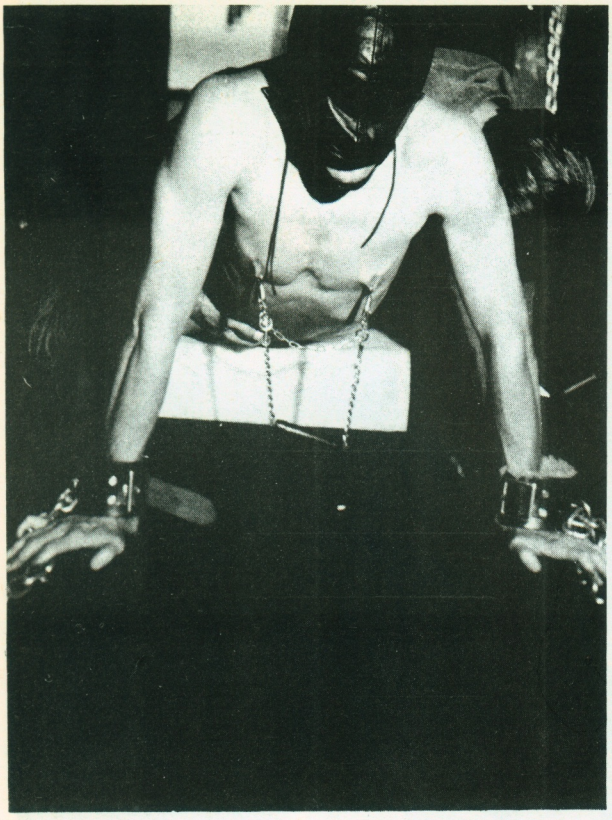
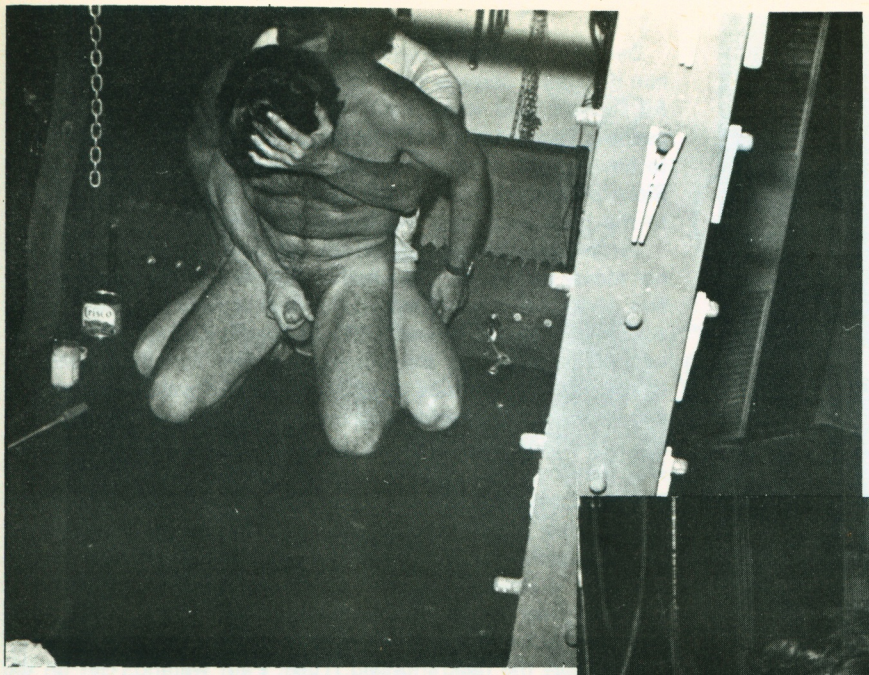
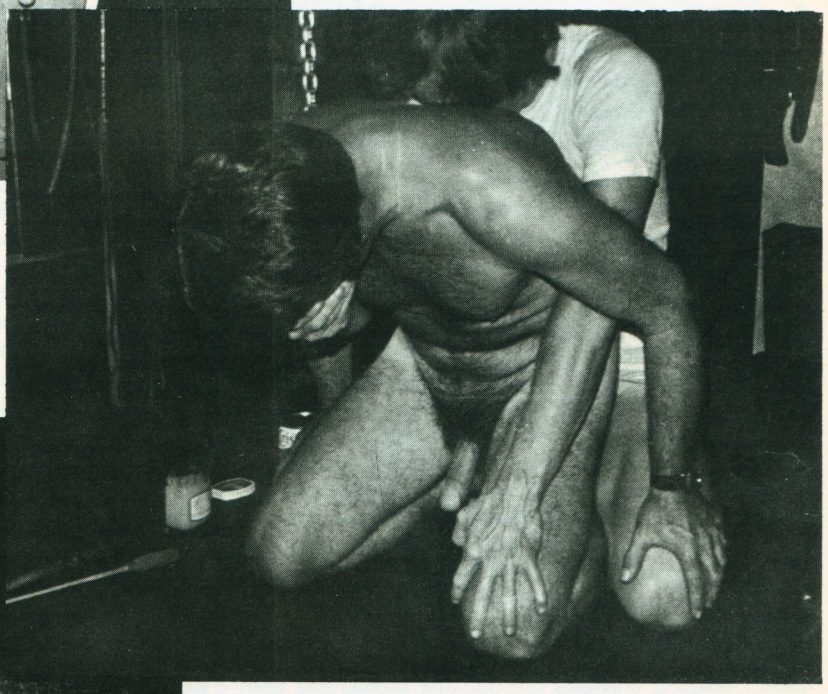


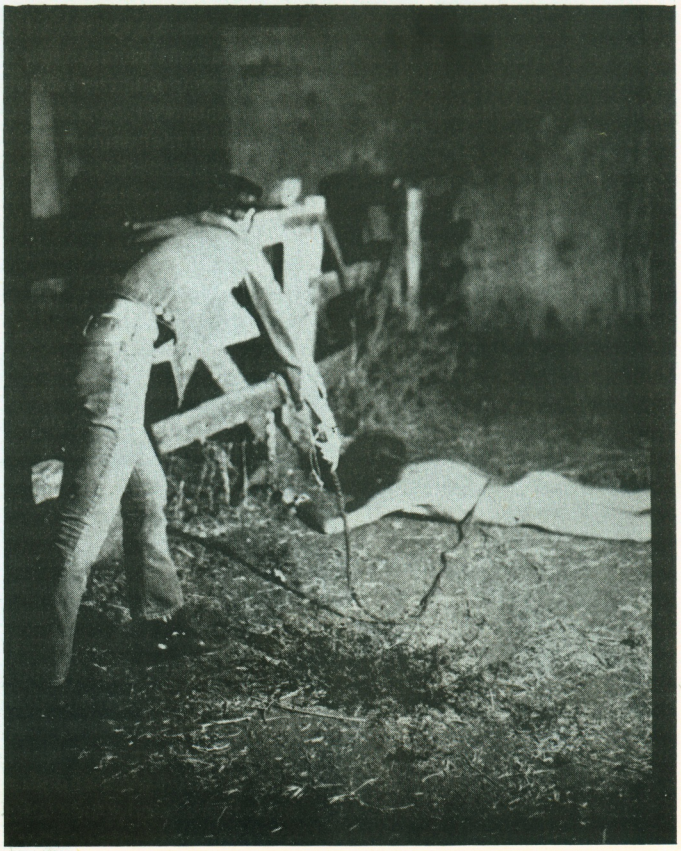


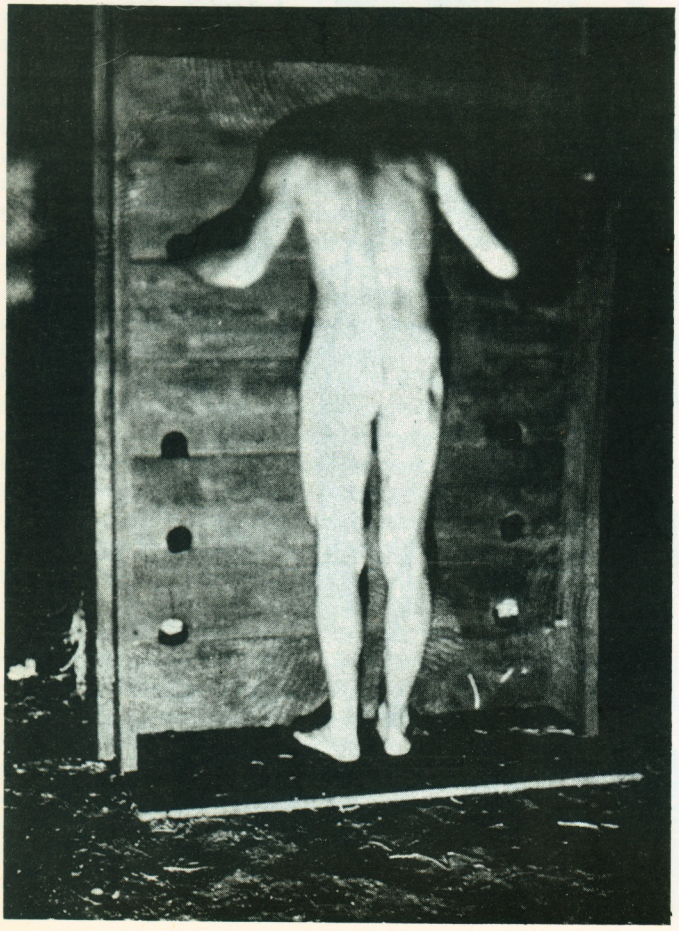


and cracking. It would strike now and then everything would flash white for a second or two as I would scream and my head would crash to the ground. Larry was holding my head tight, stroking my upper body, as the pace kept up and the pain and intensity ever increased. I had never before asked Richard to ever stop hurting me and did not want to now. I thought it would show a lack of trust and a weakness on my part to do this, for an M belongs to his S, and it never is his place to say anything. I was trying but it hurt so much now, I could endure no more, and blurted out the frantic uncontrolable plea's of "No more, I can't take anymore, please." I was sobbing and crying and begging frantically as Larry held me tightly. The whip stopped. Richard walked over to me and kneeled by my side wiping off my back, and telling me I was great. Larry, holding my head, said "You're O.K. guy. Just ten more, that's all." "Oh no, I couldn't." I was screaming and begging. I did not want to, but I could not control it. The wails and plea's rang sharp in the night air, but Richard got up, giving me a pat on the ass as he returned to the bull whip and again I heard it crawling through the straw, and then it came down hard and fast, one right after the other. Everything was hurt and white. Then it stopped. "But that was only five" Larry said. I did not know. I could feel something running down to the small of my back. "Was it blood or sweat?" I thought. It couldn't be piss for it had dried long since. I did not care. I was broken and hurt for I had failed Richard I thought. I flinched and pulled the chains in anticipation of the coming five blows, for again I heard the whip moving ever so slowly through the straw. Three or four minutes must have passed before it finally came, one right after the other, in rapid fire. My screams pierced the night air like a knife. Then it was over. Larry undoing my chains and standing up. I lay on the ground as if I were dead. No one said a word. I crawled over to Richard who was standing motionless, the whip still in his hand, and grabbed him around the waist and repeated, sobbing, "Thank you, thank you. Oh God." I got up and walked into the house, and sat on the floor for fifteen minutes maybe, just thinking about the majesty and mystical alure of what had just taken place. The deep personal relationship and the merging of the S and the M as one was not there as it had been with Richard and I several times in the past, there was no real heavy aura, at the time I did not know what it was, but the trip as a whole was the deepest I had experienced and was by far the most severe beating I had ever received. I looked in the mirror and found that it was blood that was flowing down my back, which was solid welts on top of welts. There was not a normal piece of skin, but I did not care. To me it was beautiful.

Out back Larry said to Richard, "That was a heavy trip we put him through." Jerome interrupted saying. "I couldn't believe it." All Richard said was "Yea." It was not mentioned again all evening. Richard went into the house leaving the others out back, to have a look at me. Then we went into the bedroom where Richard rubbed my back with alcohol and lotion and we returned to the back yard. Not a word was spoken.

Jerome was turned loose from the corral railing now but did not move. He just sat there half an hour and then collapsed. The five of us sat around talking for everal hours, about mutual acquaintances and various S/M activities. It was about 2:00 A.M. when we went into the house. Everyone had been drinking heavily and we were all three sheets to the wind. Jerome was carried into the house and dumped at the base of the rack. We were all sitting around in the rack room where the conversation was very free and no one expected further activities. All of a sudden, Larry said, in a loud clear voice, "Well I am about ready to go home." He looked at Lee who had not yet been worked over and said, "Lee, before I go, I want to spank your ass. Get on the rack." A dead silence fell over the place, while Larry stared at Lee, and Lee shook his head muttering, "No, I can't," and stepping back at the same time. Larry slapped his hand down on the head of the rack and said, "Lee, I am waiting. Get on the rack." Everyone stared at Lee who just stood there. Larry said, "Well." Lee stepped forward and got on the rack face down and laid there. Larry and Richard quickly hooked him up as I had been earlier. They pulled down his pants and slipped the log under his crotch. I was standing at the end of the rack, admiring the young man's ass, and thinking he was about to get what I had experienced earlier. Richard stuck the amyl inhaler under his nose and Larry started in, but nothing like with me. It was a fast blast with the heavy sap. The whole thing took only five minutes. Everythime the sap hit, it turned the young man's ass blue in that spot. He was pleading and begging the whole time, but obviously grooving on it and on the audience. Finally Larry stopped and said, "There it is, another young sexy ass. Which one of you

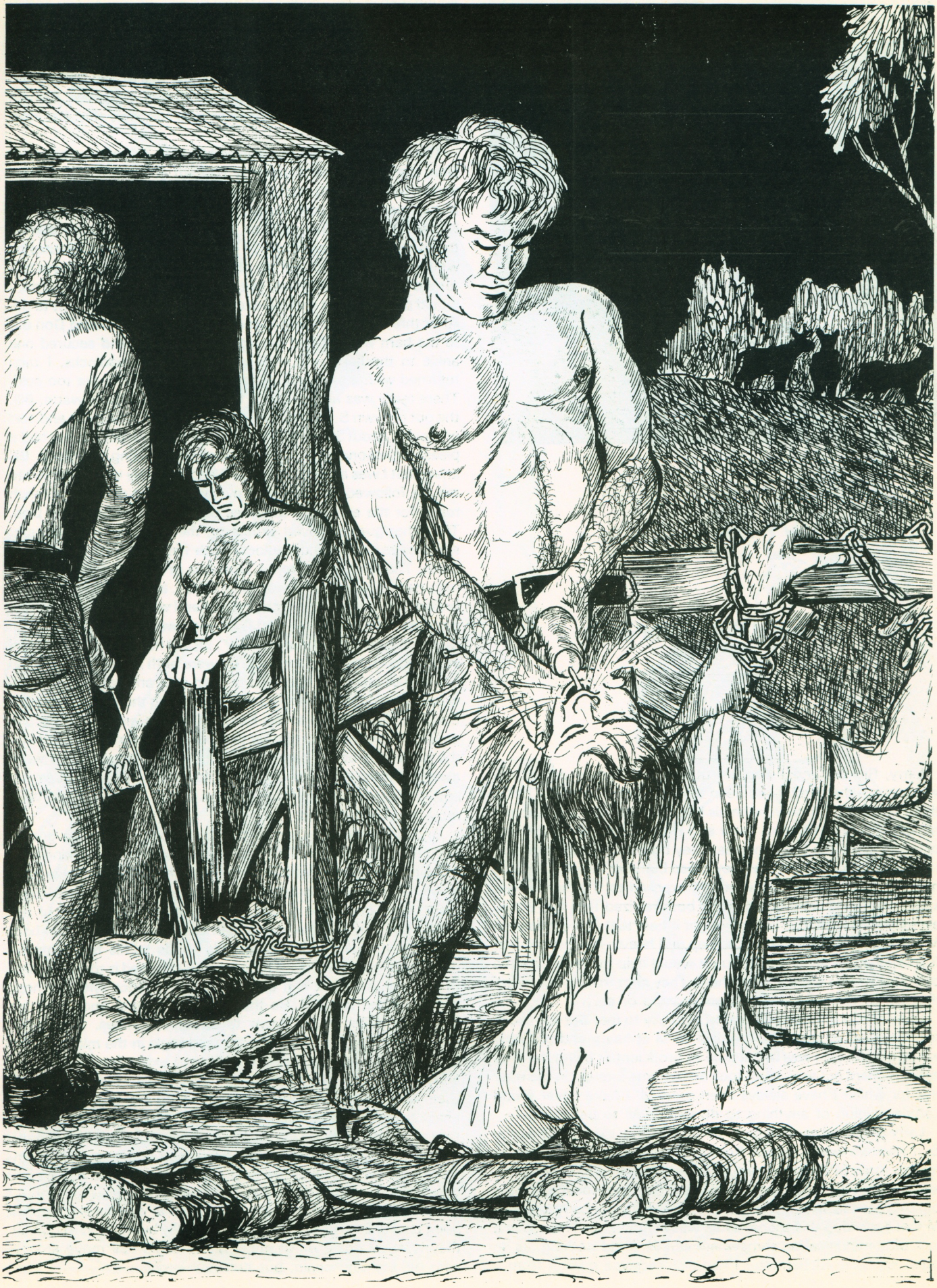


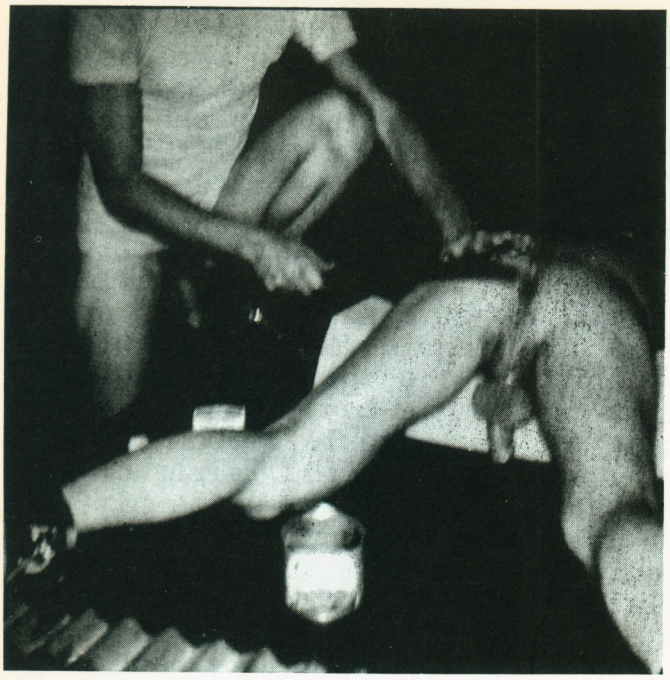


wants to fuck it? The guy is certainly attractive enough." I walked around the rack and climbed on top of the young man dropped my pants, but I did not have a hard on. Larry said, "The best M always makes the best S." That comment did not sink in with me at the time but I recalled it later. Richard spotted my difficulty (I am hung as well as Richard, having eight inches or better) and he quickly got on the rack behind me and greased Lee's ass and my cock. He then stuck two clothes pins on my teats and said, "Now fuck him." The sensation of my cock running up and down between Lee's handsome thighs caused me to quickly get a hard on. I soon found the entrance to his body and gently and slowly slipped inside. It turned me on immensely listening to Lee moan and groan in ecsatsy. I was watching the young man's back and spine contort and work as I slammed into him. I noticed a pair of alligator teat clamps sitting on the rack beside Lee that had earlier been used on me. I picked them up and started to lift Lee's chest as if I were going to put them on only to be interrupted by Richard, who put them on the young man for me. Lee pulled the chains and half moaned and screamed, his head twisting and his mouth contorting in pain and ecstasy. His muscles pulled taunt as he kept his chest lifted off the rack. I worked in and out of him faster now, slapping his ass with my groin as Lee had done to me earlier in the evening. It turned me on immensely watching Lee writhe in pain, knowing the sensations and thoughts going through his mind and body. I fucked him for about five minutes like this, as the pain in Lee's teats subsided into a dull burning sensation. Before long my cock was throbbing and the deep pulling, gushing sensation came. It was the most violent orgasm I ever had. I seemed to come forever, I thought it was going to pull my insides out, as I collapsed on the rack still in Lee and on top of him, we laid there a moment with Richard and Larry just watching saying nothing, then I lifted up and gave the order to loosen the chains holding his hands. Then still in Lee's ass, I pulled him up so Lee was sitting up with me under him. I then took a handful of vaseline and rubbed it all over Lee's hard cock, I then told him to jack off until he came. I bent hem down, still on his knees supporting the front of his body with one hand, and jacking off with the other. I then grabbed him by the waist and started slamming violently into his rear. I told Lee when he was close to tell me, it was almost immediately that Lee said he was coming. I reached around and caught the cum as it came gushing out of his cock, and before he had a chance to do anything else, I told him to open his mouth and lick his cum off of my hand. After Lee did this we collapsed on the rack, just lying there. After a bit I lifted one side of Lee and told him to hold his breath as I removed one of the teat clamps. Lee bit his teeth together until the pain subsided.

I took my hand and stretched Lee's teat slowly from the end, finally resting my hand flat on the teat and applying pressure. I then repeated the process on the other side. We laid there for a moment, then I pulled out of his ass and slid onto the floor. I patted the young man on the ass and said, "You're a good fuck," as I was pulling up my pants.

Lee was turned loose and everyone went home. I was left alone, reminiscing about the evening. It was definitely the most exciting evening in my life. As I lie in bed thinking about Lee on the rack, and watching the muscles contort in his back, I realized this really turned me on. It certainly was far more exciting than just a normal fuck.





The Second Party At The Ranch

Larry, Richard and I became quite good friends during the weeks since the party. I had been talking off and on about being the S and helping Richard with his M's. I just wanted to assist and remain M only to Richard. Larry and Richard both liked the idea of teaching me the S techniques. They both expressed fears that I would get exposed to what they called bummer M's that are into nothing. They also did not want me exposed to S's that did not know what they were doing. They both realized that this would eventually happen, but Larry thought it best that I be exposed to M's that were into it, that were deep and heavy, at least my first few experiences. This they thought would help me recognize the bad ones when I encountered them. They kept this plot between the two of them for the next six months or so.

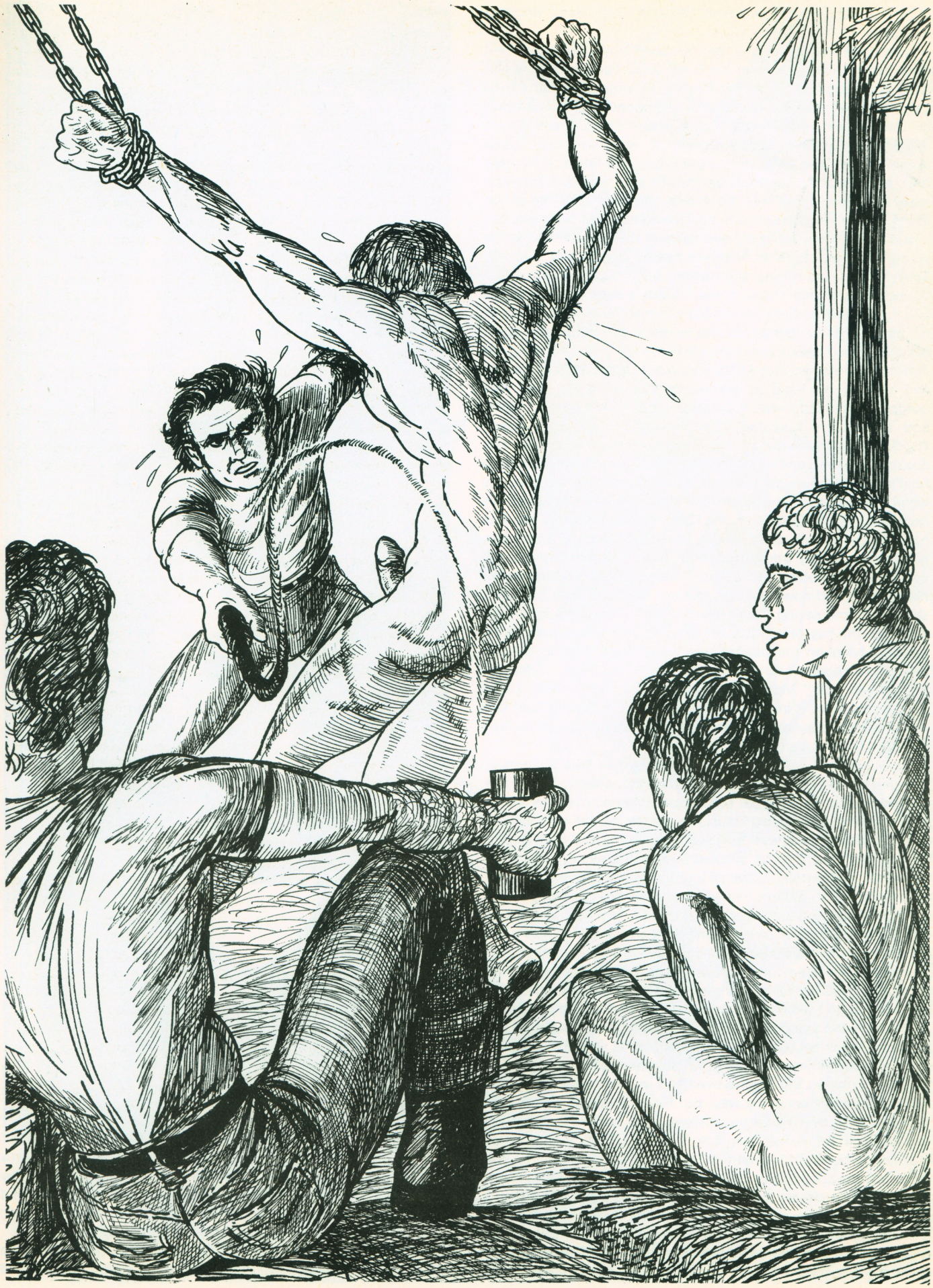
I was born a masochist. It came naturally to me. But the sadist roll came just as naturally. I remain an M at heart, and probably will all my life, yet I was to become as proficient at being the S as either Richard or Larry. Larry took an extreme interest in me after this for which I have always been grateful. I have never found Larry's opinion of anything to do with S/M to be wrong.

Larry proposed another party for my opening experience as the S. It was two weeks exactly from the previous one. Larry was to furnish three M's. They were all quite experienced, very heavy, and very into it. Richard and I knew as S that was coming in from out of State that liked to beat M's with his fists and Larry knew an M that really dug this scene, so he was invited also. There was a lack of communication somewhere as this S did nothing, as so often happens. Richard and I had also received a letter from a young man in Los Angeles that said he was a super M and had all kinds of experience. He stated that he could be worked on for days to the point where he passed out and still come back for more, so an invitation went out to him also. When this was mentioned to Larry, he said, that he knew this M and he was into nothing but fantasy and to forget about him. However, Richard and I did not agree with Larry so he was still there that Saturday evening.

The guests were due to arrive at 8:00 P.M. as before along with Don, the M that was invited by Richard and I, but Don arrived about three and bent our ear all afternoon, telling us what a heavy M he was and the past experiences he had. Don was under the illusion that I was just as S as Richard and immediately started trying to impress me with his M capabilities. Every ten minutes he would pull my cock out of my pants and try to blow me. I was half turned off by the situation, but not knowing really what to do, I would put up with it making excuses that I had this or that to do. After three hours of being bored to death, I finally called Don out to the barn where I told him to get undressed and secured one ankle to the barn wall with a chain and two padlocks. I then returned with a blanket and threw it at him not to get too cold. There really was no need for a blanket as it was quite warm. Bill, the out of town S, arrived about 6:00 P.M. Bill was short and sort of stocky, about 38 years old and not very good looking. He had a pleasant personality though and was entertaining company. Bill knew that I was an M and not an S and instantly was attracted to me. He followed me around all evening helping me get the ranch ready for the evening's activities paying little attention to Don. The other guests arrived almost on the dot. Larry had brought some extra chains and padlocks with him and a 50 lb. ball and chain. The M's were Jerome, who was at the last party, a young man named Marty, who was about 5' 9'', about 135-140 pounds, brown hair, green eyes, slight in build and was very timid and shy, the cute little boy type, and Ted who was much the same as Marty, 125 pounds and about 5' 8'', brown hair and blue eyes and very good looking. Marty and Ted were both around 23-24 years old. We all went out back to the barn area and sat around for a couple of hours loosening up and consuming the beer. Except for Don; he was chained to the barn wall by his ankle, and no one paid much attention to him for that period of time as we all sat on the other side of the barn drinking beer. Marty sat a little ways away from the group on a nearby hay bale, all ears and saying little. I was particularly attracted to Marty, while Richard was more attracted to Ted.

Once again it was Larry that got the ball rolling. He got up suddenly and called to Ted. Ted wasted no time in walking over to where Larry stood with several chains in his hands. There were small calf feeder pens in the barn at that time that were about waist high. Larry put a feed sack down at the bottom of the feeder pen and told the young man to stand on it. He then bent him over the pen and attached his hands to his feet with the chains and put one around his neck and attached it to the far side of the pen. This left him chained over the fence with his neck slightly pulled forward. He then reached around and undid his levis and pulled them down to about his knees. Meanwhile Richard strung Don up standing spread eagle in the middle of the barn, chains attached to each hand and extending to the walls and slightly up. Two chains were attached to his feet leaving them wide apart. Larry then grabbed Marty and put the ball and chain around his feet. Richard then got Jerome and secured his foot to the chain that Don had been attached to earlier. Jerome was already half crocked when he arrived and was now pretty well gone. At this point the only one that was nude completely was Don. Jerome was to become the urinal again as before.

Various activities were taking place all at one time from this point on. I will try to cover them individually but keep in mind that they were all going on at once. Marty could still move around with his ball and chain, but not very easily.

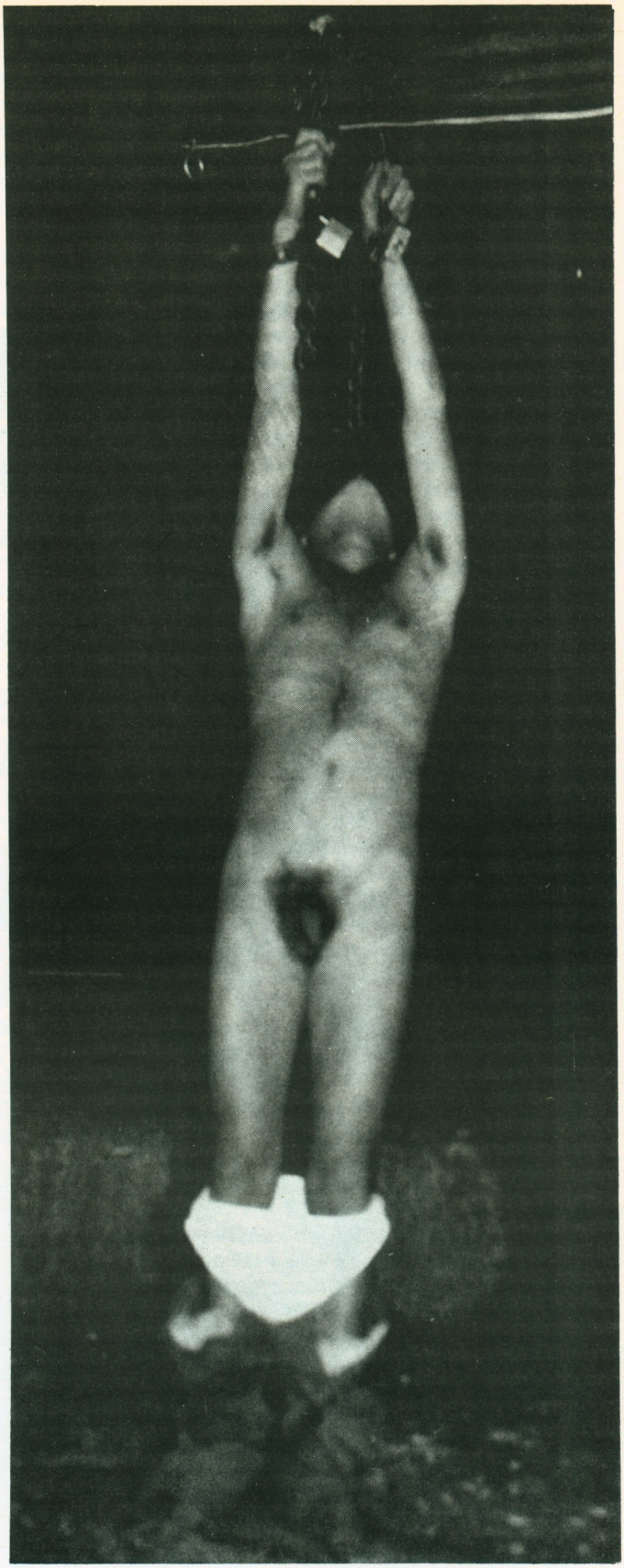


Larry called to me, "Come here," he said, "Hold him," pointing to Marty.

I went behind the young man grabbed both arms and held them behind him stretching his body back. Larry looked Marty dead in the face. Marty's eyes flinched in anticipation and fear. Larry grabbed the front of his shirt and ripped it open exposing his thin, fragile, yet muscular stomach and chest. Marty's eyes rolled back in his head, but Larry grabbed his hair and said, "Look at me." Marty and Larry locked eyes. Larry let loose of his hair, drew back his right hand and slammed it into the boy's stomach hard, then again, then with both fists one right after the other. Marty was tensing his stomach muscles as much as he could, but a loud "Ooh," was being echoed through the barn everytime the young man was hit. After fifteen or twenty blows Larry stopped. Marty's head was reeling and rocking. Larry again grabbed him by the hair and said "Look at me." Marty's eyes were all glassy and half closed, as Larry shook Marty's head and said, "Look at me Marty." Marty opened his eyes as much as possible and again the two locked eyes. Larry kept a hold on his hair, and using his right hand slammed into Marty's stomach again, pulling his hair and shaking his head at the same time. The boy was half collapsed now and I was supporting most of his weight. Again and again Larry slammed into his body. They were nearly knocking the breath out of me. The barn was quiet as this was ensuing and everyone was watching. Marty was no longer able to hold his stomach muscles taunt. Everytime he was hit now, his weight would fall to one side or the other. He was nearly out, his body weight completely on me. Larry finally stopped. He was hanging in my arms, dead weight, but still conscious. There was an intimacy being transferred from Marty to me through the contact of our bodies, as I asked, "Are you O.K.?" Marty eased his head up and down as Larry rubbed his hand over his head, shaking it, and saying "Sure he's alright." I layed the limp form down on the hay bale off to the side. As Marty was half sitting and half lying on the bale of hay, Larry went over to the tub brought him back a beer, and said while half laughing, "That was quite a trip guy." Marty shook his head in agreement. I was thinking back on it in amazement that such a slightly built boy could withstand such blows and really dig it, but this was Marty's big turn on and Larry knew it.

Marty was now left half collapsed on the hay bale to recover from his beating, which was just a warm up, although this was unknown to him at the time. Ted was still chained over the feeder pen, and Don was strung up in the middle of the barn with a roaring hard on from watching Marty's beating and anticipating his turn that was to come. Richard had meantime retrieved what we called "Big Bertha," a twelve foot bull whip, braided, with the trailer wrapped in rubber. Richard was warming up with the bull whip while Bill and Larry were sitting on a hay bale in front of Don, getting a ringside seat. Meanwhile I was admiring Ted's ass (he had about a 26" waist) and decided that was the perfect position to give the young man an enema. After checking it out with Larry who said fine, I went into the house to prepare the bags. I thought I would enjoy, now, giving one to someone else.

The barn had about six inches of straw strewn around on the floor and the smell combined with the rest of the farm odors to set a wild outdoors atmosphere. There was not enough room in the barn to swing Big Bertha overhand or even around, for the center supports were in the way. But Richard was an expert with the whip so it presented little problem. Larry walked around with the amyl inhaler giving some to Don and Ted. Richard was standing about eight feet behind Don and off to his left. The bull whip was crawling in the loose straw, slithering in circles like a snake. Then suddenly it shot forward and straight down Don's right side, the trailer going straight in front of him and cracking like a gun shot, as it headed in toward his body. But it wrapped around gently, only the trailer leaving a red mark. The whip hung there for a second then fell to the ground, being pulled back



through the straw, slowly. Don hardly flinched, as the process was repeated several times, each time the trailer seeking a new spot to leave its mark. Bill meanwhile went over to Jerome and was playing with him, using him as a urinal and jacking him off, though not allowing him to reach a climax.

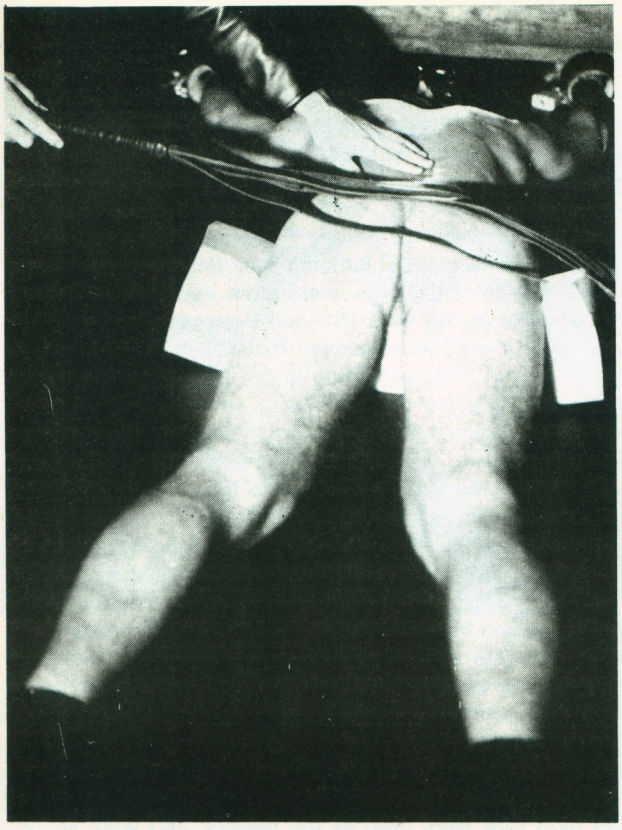
Richard continued with Don's whipping, the bull whip slithering in the straw, making an awesome sound, around and

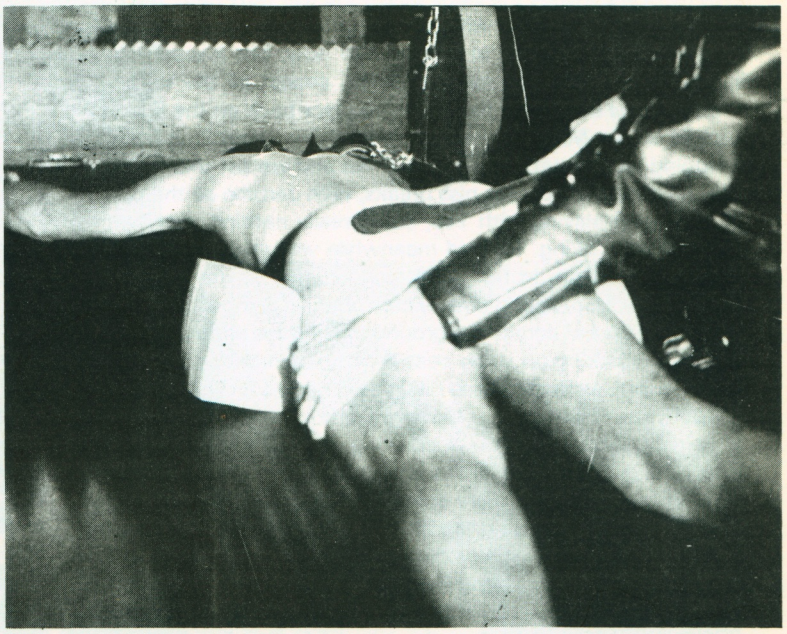
around, then forward and around his body. Richard worked all up and down his body, the trailer leaving its imprint at various spots on Don's back on his right side. Richard stepped back another foot now, as the same pattern was repeated. This time the trailer would find its place on Don's left side, the whip wrapping around his body, curling like a boa constrictor around his muscular frame, still only the trailer leaving its mark.

Don had a beautiful, muscular, body, well proportioned, his huge muscels rippling up and down, pulling on the chains which had his extremities attached to the walls. Don was an exhibitionist. He liked to show off his body and have others admire it, and now he enjoyed having others empathise with his feelings and prediciment. Richard knew this as did Larry. Meanwhile I returned from the house after filling the enema bags, one with hot water and the other with cold, (a few ice cubes were added to the cold one). Ted was stretched over the feeder pen, his knees bent slightly in, his torso glowing with a dull reflection in the low lit barn. I walked over to him and hung the two bags to nails on the roof support above. I took the amyl inhaler and stuck it under Ted's nose and the young man took several deep breaths. Bill, meanwhile, walked to the other side of the feeder pen and pulling Ted's shirt over his head started running his hands up and down his back. I took the vaseline and greased his asshole working my finger in and out. I moved in back of him still working my finger in and out. I then bent over him and said, that he was going to be beaten and raped all night long. I explained farther that there was no part of him that did not belong to me for the duration of the evening. I then took the enema bag nozzle, inserted it in his rear and released the shut off valve. Ted's insides started filling. He was twisting and moaning, thinking about the situation, his head spinning and rushing from the amyl. Soon the cramps became too much as he yelled for me to stop. I shut off the valve, ran my hand slightly below his abdomen, and began squeezing and pushing, repeating, "Does it hurt inside? Are you full?" Ted replied, "Yes sir." I then told the young man that I wanted him to take the whole thing, to try hard. Ted's reply was, "Yes sir." I then released the water valve again. It was not long before Ted could not hold it and was yelling wildly. I shut off the valve and pulled him back as far as he could go, which was just far enough that his discharge would miss his pants which were around his ankles. I told him to hold the fluid as I returned the amyl to his nose and told him to take a deep breath. He took several, his guts cramping as he could hold it no more. Almost at the same time I told him to discharge. The fluid came rushing out, some of it running down his legs and into his pants, after the first gush, I pulled him back some more and told him to continue. We were getting a solid mass now along with water. I took the little slapper paddle and started beating his ass while he continued to shit. "God," Ted was thinking, "How degrading." Could anything possibly be worse than this. I would slap his ass hard now as I was telling him to continue to shit, that I wanted to see it. After about five minutes, it was all gone and Ted told me he had no more. I patted him on the rear, told him he was a good boy, and now he could get his next enema to make sure he was clean. After all, I said, "You would not want one of your masters to get a shitty dick would you?" He replied, "No sir." I placed the amyl inhaler under his nose and he again took a deep breath. This time it was the ice water in the bag, as I inserted the nozzle in the young man's ass and released the valve. Ted's head was rushing as he felt the freezing liquid working deeper and deeper inside his body. This time the bottle ran out of water and still Ted said nothing. I decided I would let nature take its course and pulled the nozzle out, telling the young man I did not want him to spill any. Ted's reply was, "Yes sir." I took the little slapper paddle and started working on Ted's ass with it, causing him to jump around. Bill meanwhile had been feeling the young man's muscular little body twist and squirm in ecstasy and pain, and very shortly came the plea from Ted, "Please sir, I can't hold it any longer." I called Bill over to the other side and told Ted, "You discharge when I tell you, understand?" Ted's reply was, "Yes sir." I took my hands and put them on the young man's stomach low, while Bill pulled his ass apart. I then commanded, "Discharge, we want to see it." Ted let out a sigh of relief, and spewed forth the liquid. I then said, "Bill, whip him until he is done." Bill nodded his head grabbing the paddle while at the same time kicking the pile of shit that was directly behind Ted into the loose straw.

Bill worked over the young man's rear, lightly, all up and down his back and thighs while Ted finished discharging.

Meanwhile, Richard was still whipping Don, and Jerome was collapsed against the barn wall half awake and half passed out, while Marty sat on the hay bale saying nothing. Jerome was still happy in his role as the urinal and digging the whole thing as Larry went over to him and grabbed his head telling him, "Open your mouth, guy." Jerome was rocking and reeling as he took Larry's long shaft in his lips and started swallowing the yellow liquid. Then Richard stepped up and threw Jerome down in the straw on his back. Standing over him he said, "Open your mouth, Jerome." Richard pissed, long and hard, maliciously missing his mouth as the warm liquid went all over Jerome's face, hair, and chest. Jerome was nearly out now, lying in the piss soaked straw, rolling and sighing. The shit and piss scene was his trip, the dirtier and more degrading the better. While Richard was pissing, Larry picked up the small morrocan bull whip and said to Don, "Let's get this show on the road," as he started laying into him one right after the other. The Morrocan whip was only about 6 feet long with a string trailer. Don was pulling the chains and screaming in pain after the first blow. Larry kept coming on fast leaving no time between blows, one around one side and then one around the other. Don was jumping and screaming and yelling at the top of his lungs, "Oh God please, I can't take anymore! Please stop. I can't, I can't." After about ten blows Larry stopped, and said "Well, I guess that was that". Richard came back over, meanwhile, and was settling Don back down, telling him not to worry, that he would make it through the evening, that we would go slow and so on. Richard had other plans for Don and at this time was just riding along. There was a calf that had died earlier in the day, lying in the mud on the far side of the barn area, about forty feet or so from the barn door. Larry suddenly grabbed Jerome, unhooking his foot and, half dragging and half carrying him over to it, proceeded to fasten his neck to the dead calves neck with a chain leaving about four feet of slack in between. Jerome was screaming and yelling in fear and anxiety at discovering the calf was dead, which he did not know until after he was attached. He was so loaded that he really did not know what was happening. Larry and Jerome had had a year long relationship as S and M, though not as lovers. Larry knew this young man and understood him well. Jerome trusted Larry and had little fear, throughout the night, Jerome would call out to Larry periodically, "Larry help me. Please, Oh God, help me." Larry would go out to where he was, sometimes to console him, to sit down next to him, maybe rub his head and tell him he was O.K. Jerome would ask him if this was symbolic of how he was going to end up, and Larry would reply, "Don't worry about it guy, you're with me, remember." He then would get up and piss on him. Jerome was getting pissed on every five minutes the rest of the night, as Richard, Bill, Larry and I all used him freely. No one would comfort Jerome except Larry, not even me. I was probably the best able to empathise with the M's. Jerome kept looking at the dead calf, trying to pull away from it, but he could not. He would reach down and touch its dead, hard body, cold and stiff, and he would jump back screaming in fear, but no one would came. He was thinking of life, his past, and what a really full life he experienced compared to most men. Looking at the dead calf, he was thinking how easily life leaves us, how shallow the live warm body that he resides in really is. He looked up at the



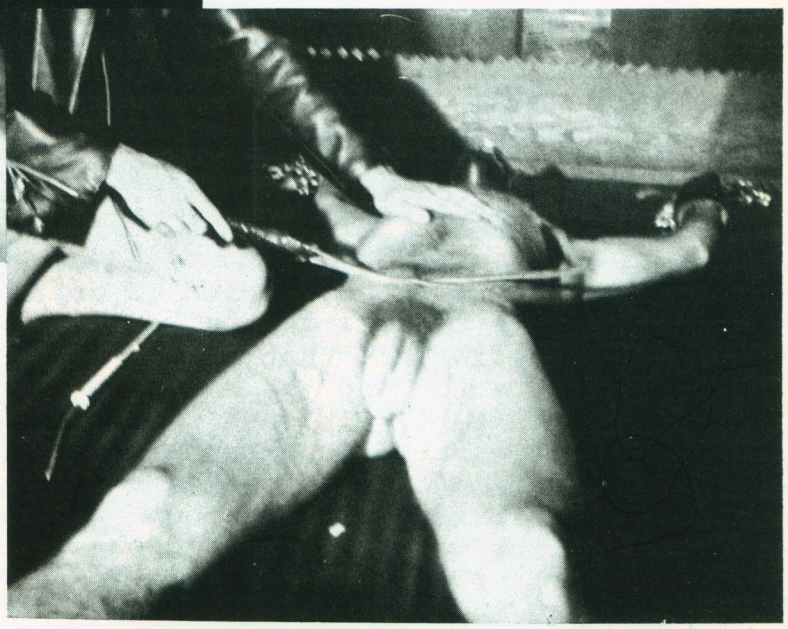


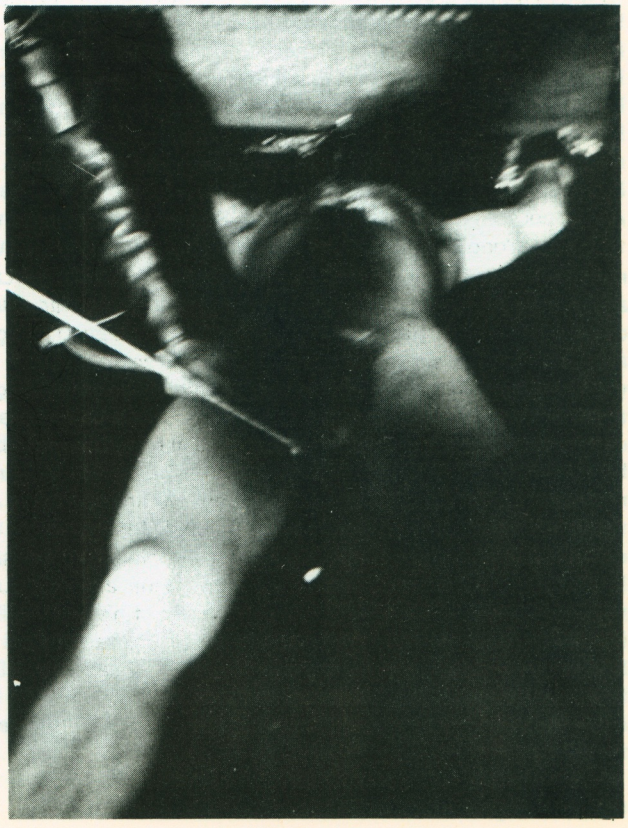
stars and across the pasture at the calves lying there peaceful and content. He thought of Larry, who had put him here, and he was wondering how much farther down this path he would travel. Was he to experience the same peace the calf now had? It would be so easy to get there with Larry's guidance, nothing to fear. People would come out to piss on him now, but it would have little effect on him, for he was down, almost all the way.

Back in the barn Larry had taken his place back on the hay bale next to Marty. Marty and Larry were talking about Don and the whipping he was getting. I joined them and we sat there for the next half hour, except for piss breaks, with Jerome as the urinal. Bill was over playing with Ted, doing really nothing, just feeling his body and talking. Richard meanwhile was stepping into gear with the whipping. In his usual manner, though the whip was making a lot more sound effects than actually doing damage. The whip would crawl across the ground making the slithering sound of a snake, kicking up straw occasionally, then back reversing its path forward, as Richard was now stepping into it. The whip shot forward, past Don's body, making the now familiar crack, then around his body, the trailer cracking against his flesh, hardly leaving a red mark while the trailer bit in sometimes, cutting slightly. Richard looked very similar in movement to a big league baseball pitcher, swinging the big bull whip. He would let it drop to the ground and ever so slowly pull it back and around in the straw, occasionally cracking it against the barn wall behind Don. Don no longer knew how it was coming as sometimes it would wrap around him and fall to the ground feeling like little more than a soft piece of leather wrapping around him. Then again it would come down hard and bite, at him. He was nervous with anticipation of the blows and would uncontrolably pull the chains on the sound of it whether the blow came or not. Richard started snapping his back with just the end of the trailer, the whip cracking and picking at his rippling muscles, making the awesome snapping sound right behind his head as it bit at his flesh, leaving barely a red mark. We were still having mostly sound effects, the whip leaving a few red marks from the trailer, among the worse welts where Larry had slapped him with the Morrocan whip. Richard called over to me and said, "Come here, Robert," I jumped up and ran over to Richard who handed me the whip and said in a loud clear voice, "Whip him." I had never whipped anyone with a bull whip before, and was excited and turned on by the idea, but then Richard whispered in my ear, and said, "Just curl it around him. It will be good practice for you. You might slap him a couple of times with it, but not hard.I do not want to blow him out." I could not figure out what Richard and Larry were trying to do. Why had they not whipped Don, and why did they not want me to? I was nervous with the thing in my hand, for now I had a live M and was going to bull whip him. This would certainly be more exciting than practicing on the post, which I had been doing all week. I was not going to try any of the fancy trailer cracking or back slapping with the trailer or anything else. I was going to have enough trouble because of the room restrictions. I pulled it around in the straw a few times, then came forward with it. It was supposed to go around Don's body, but it did not. Instead, it wrapped around his leg. Larry and Richard knew that I had just fucked up but neither cared. But I did not want anyone else to know it. Richard patted me on the ass and said, "It's O.K. Go around the other side and put it around the other leg." This time I back handed the whip, and it went up low to the ground and ended just where I had sent it, wrapping around Don's other leg. I felt more confident now, as Richard stepped back a foot or two, I pulled the whip back, twirling it around in the straw, trying to act as professional as I could. Then up it came, straight down Don's side and curled around his body, no snaps or anything, but at least it went where I sent it. After a couple of times doing this, Richard went over and sat down next to Larry to watch me whip Don. Richard said to Larry, "You were right. That guy Don is not even an M. He thrives on the fantasy of it and that's all." Larry replied, "I told you guy. Oh well, it is good pratice for our boy Robert. Right?" "Not really" answered Richard. "Don't worry about it, guy. Leave him alone. We will set both of their wheels straight a little later." Larry said.

Larry walked over to Ted released him form his chains, and said, "Come over and sit with us a while, guy." Ted did, leaving his levis and shirt behind, and just wearing his boots, he sat between Richard and Larry, half leaning on Larry. They all sat there a while watching me getting in my bull whip practice on Don. Don was flinching and jumping everytime it curled around him, even though it did little more than kiss him. I did not understand at all at the time. Don was supposed to be a good heavy M, and I could not remember Richard and I ever starting out this light, much less remaining at this point an hour or two down the road. Besides that, Don was not grooving on being whipped for he was not being whipped. It made no sense to me at all, but I was turned on just with the idea that I had Big Bertha in my hand and was curling it around a live human being and making him jump, even if he did not dig it.

They sat around fifteen minutes or so talking and watching me, when Larry said to Richard, "Well let's go take Jerome on a little trip." The two walked outside to where Jerome was tied to the dead calf, Ted and Marty trailing behind, Marty still dragging his ball and chain. Larry reached down and unfastened the chain from around the calf's neck leaving the other end attached to Jerome's neck. Larry and Richard then reached down and picked Jerome up under his arms and drug him out to the back where the calves fed. Right by the calf feeders, the shit was so thick that you would sink in half way up to your knees. In this particular pen two old bath tubs were used as the feeders, and were spaced about six feet apart. Jerome was half passed out and half awake during the whole thing. He was screaming at the top of his lungs, "Larry, Where are you? Help me please. Help me please. Where is Richard? Larry help me." As his voice would drift off into the night air. Meanwhile I had dropped Big Bertha and followed the trio out to the feeder pens. Larry would reply to Jerome, "I'm right here, guy." while Richard said nothing. They stopped in front of the feeder pens with me right behind them. Larry and Richard dropped Jerome to his knees, then they both looked at me and Larry said, "Push him in it." I hesitated a second, my eyes as big as dollars, and then Richard said, "Push him," in a slow methodical voice. I took my boot and placed it in Jerome's back between his shoulders as Richard and Larry released their grips and let Jerome's arms slide till his hands were in theirs. I reached under Jerome and pulled his feet out from under him and placing my foot in the middle of Jerome's back again, I slowly forced Jerome's face down into the thick cow shit. Jerome's screaming and yelling was piercing the still night air. His body was twisting and squirming, in a vain attempt to free himself. Larry and Richard stood there like two pillars holding his extremities, bending down with the force of my foot. Jerome's body was half buried in the shit as my foot moved up behind Jerome's neck and forced his head into the shit. Jerome was yelling from underneath the shit. As his head came up for a gasp of air, my foot again forced it down. He was twisting his body as much as he could and frantically moving his head from side to side, as I released the force, and his head came up gasping for air. He was rather quiet now, just a couple of "Oh Gods." He twisted his head from side to side trying to look up at Larry and Richard, with only his eyes showing through the shit covering his face. As he half looked up, his big puppy dog eyes said it all for him, so pathetic and beat down looking. My foot again forced his head down into the shit. He was resisting and twisting but not nearly as much. After a minute I removed the pressure and stepped back as Larry pulled him up out of the shit pool and started walking rapidly toward the house with Richard on his other side. His feet were dragging behind, his head hanging down occasionally twisting from side to side.





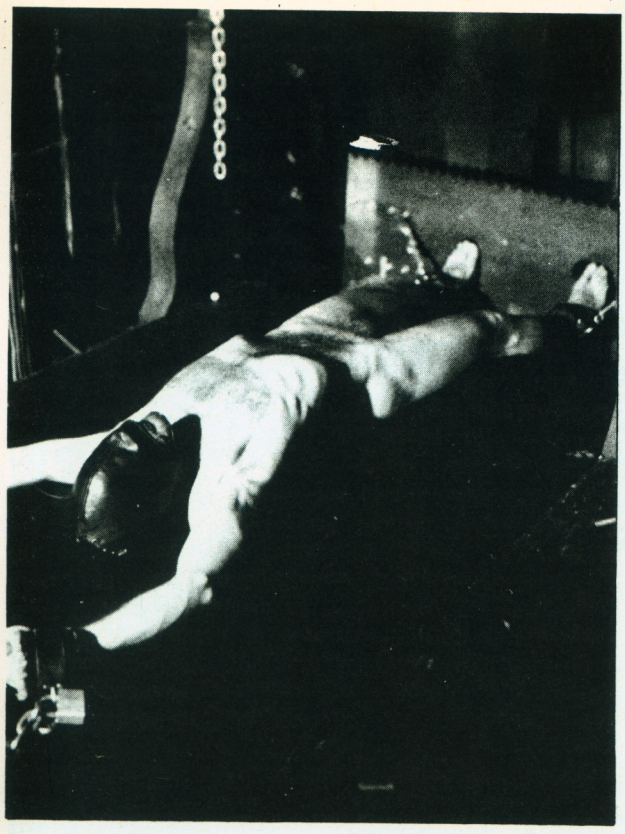
Richard and Larry quickly hauled him into the rack room and hooked the chain that was still around his neck to the lower leg of the rack, pushing his body under the rack. Ted meanwhile walked into the room and Larry grabbed him and walked him over to the head of the rack by the drive wheel where he hooked his hands to the chains that hung from the upright supports. This left Ted standing up facing the rack with his feet on the floor and hands attached to the side and slightly up. Larry then said, "Relax guys. We will be back in a while."

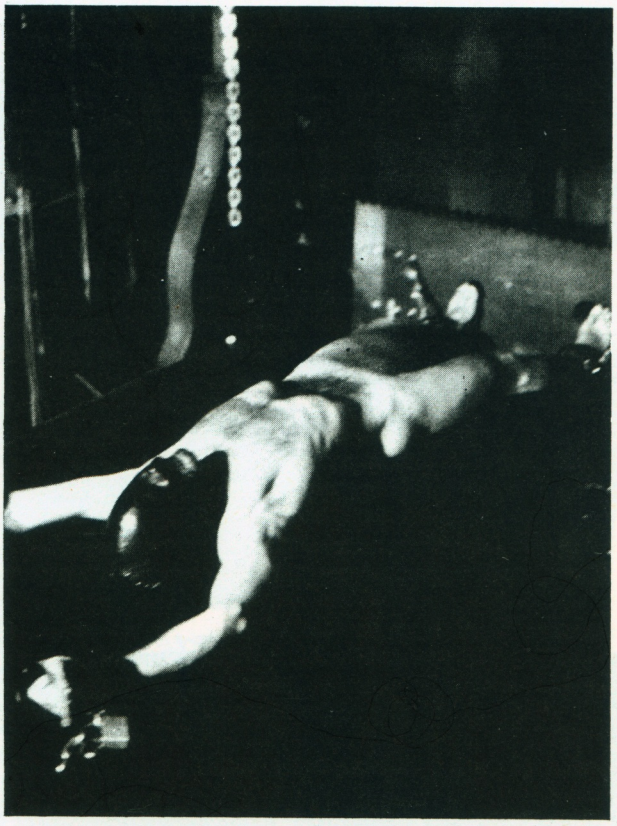
Richard, Larry and I returned to the barn area, where Richard and I quickly released Don while Larry was taking the ball and chain off Marty's ankle. Richard and I walked Don into the rack room and secured him to the rack face down, his head facing Ted, and feet hooked to the stocks on the end with the padded restraints. His hands were also padded with restraints and hooked to the chains already there. Richard carefully counted out the lengths of chain on each hand, making sure the number was the same and secured his hands with padlocks, locked from the restraint to the chain. Richard and I said nothing as we returned to the barn area. Larry had taken Marty to the center of the barn and had his hands tied over his head to one of the roof supports above. Richard and I walked into the barn to see the young man's body half hanging from the supports above, the dim lights casting long shadows across the barn. Larry was standing by him, and saying, "What do you think of this guys?" Richard and I walked over to the young man just as Larry said, "Alright, Marty, it's going to happen now." as he drew back his fist and slammed it into the young man's mid-section, causing Marty to let out a loud "Oomph." Again, and again Larry's hand slammed into Marty's middle, causing one loud "Oomph" right after the other. Marty's feet would leave the ground as the force of the blows hit his mid section, his weight being suspended from his arms as Larry slammed into his middle, fifteen or twenty times. When he stopped, Marty gasped for air, most of his weight being supported by his arms. Larry reached down and opened Marty's fly. Pulling out his hard cock, Larry said, "Would one of you gentlemen care to suck on this while we finish." I thought I was elected but instead, Richard bent down right in front of me and wrapped his lips around Marty's cock, Richard started moving his head back and forth fast, forcing Marty's cock down his throat. Larry stood on one side of Richard and I stood on the other, as Larry said to me, "Get in on this guy." Larry drew back his right hand and slammed it into Marty's middle, then I followed with my left, then Larry with his right, and I with my left. Marty was rocking and wheeling, and the oomphs were now faint as the blows were coming so fast he had no time to catch his breath, after about twenty blows we heard Richard who was having trouble sucking Marty's cock as his body was moving so much, making loud noises and swallowing. Marty was coming. Larry and I stepped up the pace as fast and as hard as we could. Marty came for maybe a full minute before Richard stopped gagging and choking and slowed down, Larry and I ceased hitting the young man as Richard backed off of his cock. He was hanging there motionless suspended by his hands. He was completely out. The three of us stood back and looked at his thin fragile, boy, body hanging there, almost lifeless, for maybe two full minutes, no one saying anything. Larry and Richard would look at me and then Marty, and stare, and nothing was said. After at least two minutes, Richard said, "Let's take him into the house, huh." Larry replied, "Yea, why not." I asked, "Is he alright?" Larry replied, "Sure, he'll remember this trip the rest of his fuckin' life." Richard replied, "I am sure you are right." Richard undid his hands from the ropes he was hanging by as Larry caught his limp form in his arms and they carried him into the house and laid him in the bedroom next to the rack room, where he stayed the rest of the evening.

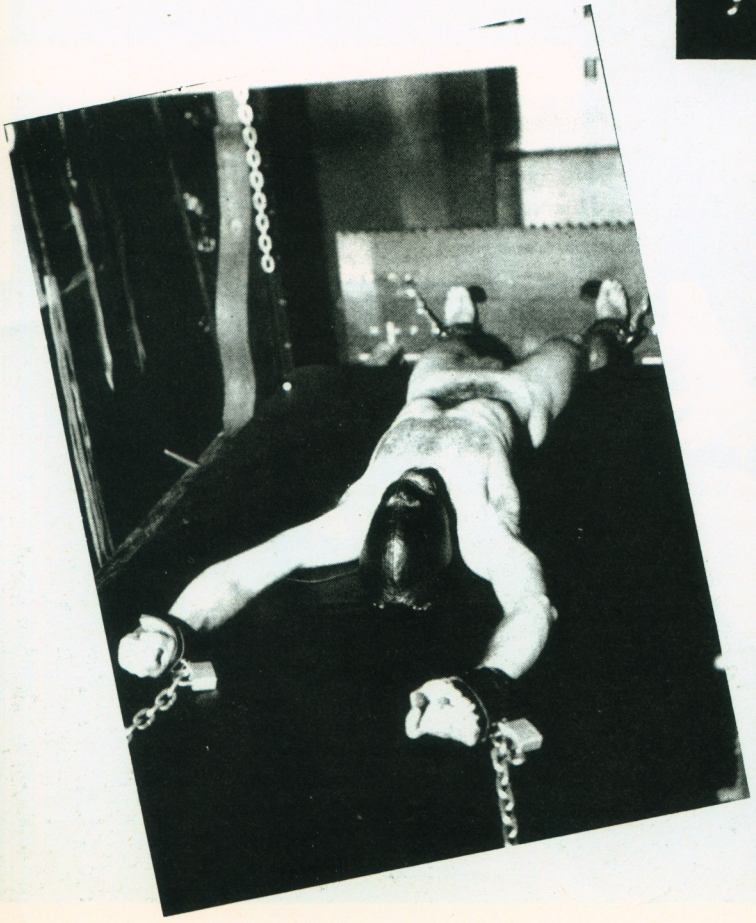
Everyone was getting pretty loaded now, and pretty rank. For Richard to get loaded was very unusual.

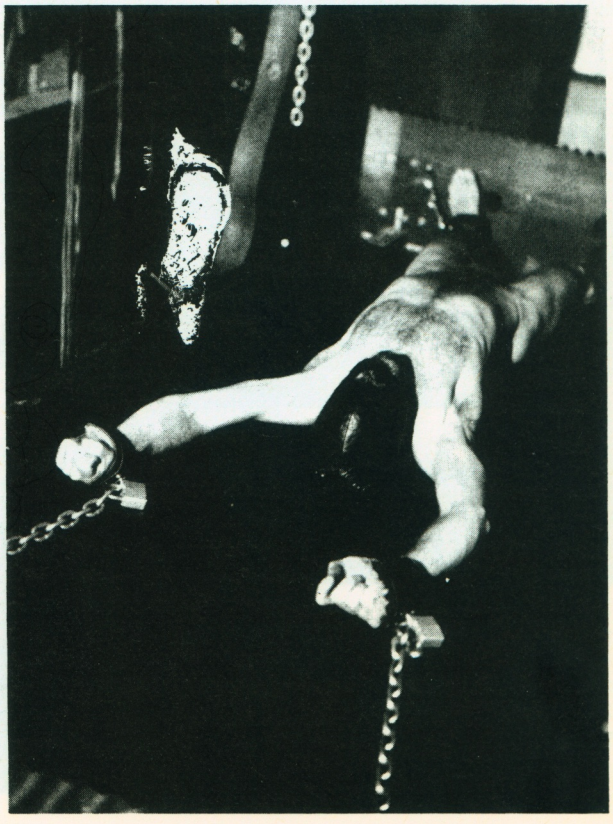
Ted was hanging from the end of the rack and Don was on the rack with his ass in the air. The stereo was bellowing in the background, with a heavy acid rock tune playing over and over. Larry and Bill stood over by Ted at the head of the rack while I was at the side of the rack and Richard stood at the foot. Larry grabbed an empty beer can and pissed in it. He then placed it to Ted's lips and said, "Here is some beer for you, guy." Ted took several big swallows and Larry then took the can and finished it off. Then he told Bill, "Fill it up again." Bill pissed in the can and passed it around to Richard who passed it to me. I felt the warm can and thought, "Is it right for S's to drink piss? Larry just did." I had a funny look on my face, and glanced at Larry who said, "Used beer is good for you guy. When I was an M I drank piss all the time and I still do." I thought then it must be O.K. as I swallowed several big gulps. It was not too bad, tasted like weak warm beer. The cans were passed around the rest of the evening. You never knew if you were drinking a can of beer or a can of piss from this point on, as they all flew around freely. Jerome would occasionally let out a groan from under the rack but that was all we heard from him. Don was on the rack bitching up a storm about everything. Richard was getting very hostile toward him which was unusual to say the least. We were standing around talking about various S/M personalities, Larry slapping Ted on the ass with a heavy sap like paddle, six or seven times in rapid fire succession every few minutes, causing him to let out loud fast groans and make attempts at climbing the rack pulling himself up on the chains his hands were attached to. I had the riding crop in my hand, and was smacking Don across the ass with it off and on bringing all sorts of complaints of misuse, etcs., from him. Ted was beaten for the next hour, off and on, while the conversation ensued. Although he never let out a word of complaint, he would lean over as far as he could, bringing his head to rest on Larry's arm, who was now standing right in back of him, leaning on the posts his hands were attached to. Ted was transfering love and affection toward Larry, and in return Larry's roaming hand was running across Ted's ass. The sap in the other hand would slam into him, as he would climb and pull away from it, only to come back to rest his head again on Larry's arm. About an hour of this routine went on. Don was bitching up a storm about nothing practically, and Ted receiving all the abuse.

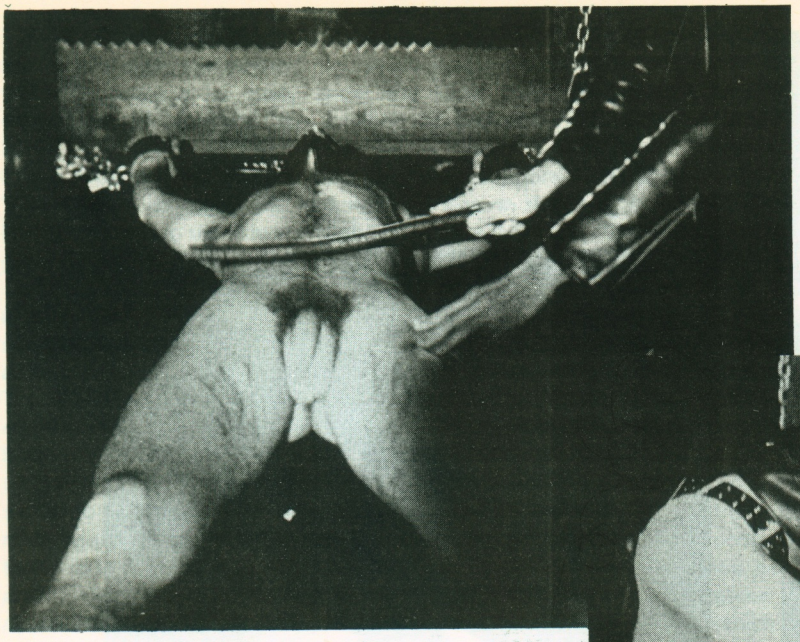
All of a sudden Larry said, "Richard, let's set up a little contest between your boy, Don, and mine." Richard replied, "Sure, why not." Don went insane. "Oh no, I can't take it. He is un-human." Was Don's answer, referring to Ted. He was bitching so much and so fast that no one could get a word in edgewise. Richard got mad, along with me. This was completely out of character for either Richard or myself, especially Richard. Keep in mind that everyone was drunk or close to it. Richard shouted in a stern harsh voice, "Don. You shut your fucking mouth. I have listened to your shit all night long and I am God Damn sick and tired of it. You have bent my ear on what a super M you are, all the beatings and torture scenes you've been through, and you can't back up the first word of any of it. Well by God you are going to now, and you are going to win the fucking contest or you will be in big trouble." I dropped back, my eyes big as dollars looking at Richard, "Oh well I thought, it should be groovy. I doubt if Richard will really hurt Don anyway." I was thinking, but I was not so sure. Larry had a smirk on his face as he whispered in Ted's ear and smiled at Richard and said to Ted, "You've heard the man, Don. How do you propose we do this?" Larry asked. Don, meanwhile, was still running his mouth, as Richard yelled to me, "Robert, beat his fucking ass till he shuts his God Damn mouth." I walked over to Don showing extreme concern all of a sudden, and said in a low methodical voice, "Don, I would suggest you do as you were told and it won't be so bad." Well, he kept bitching all the more. I grabbed the heavy slapper paddle that had just been handed me by Larry and hit Don across the ass with it, hard, and again, as he kept his mouth going, I was saying

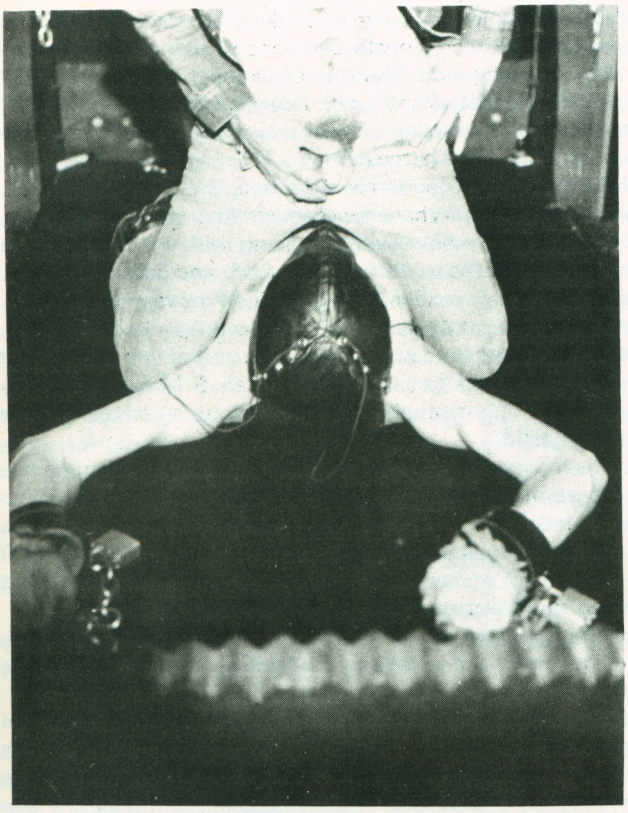


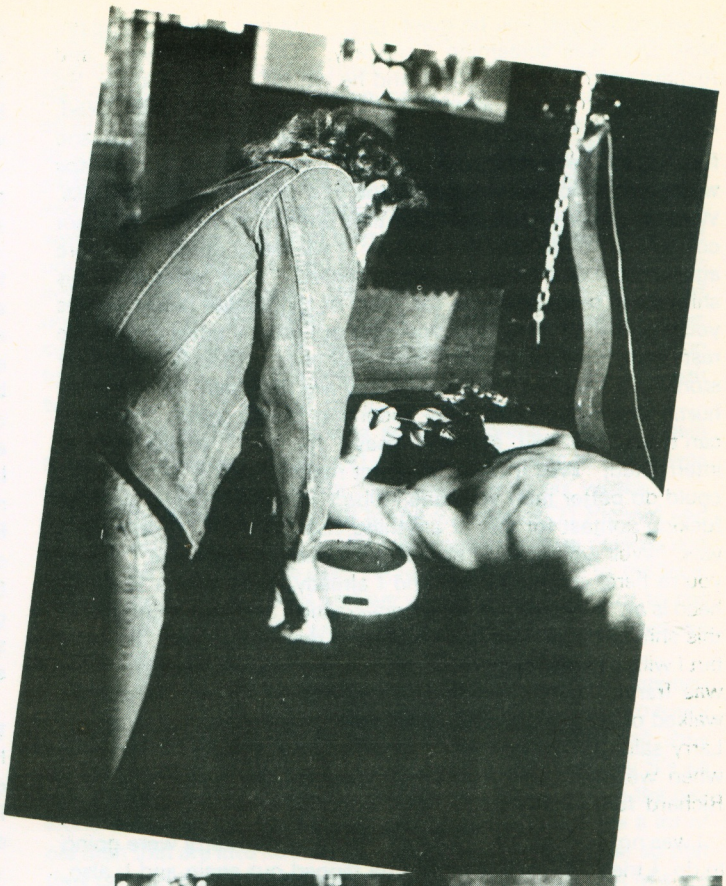


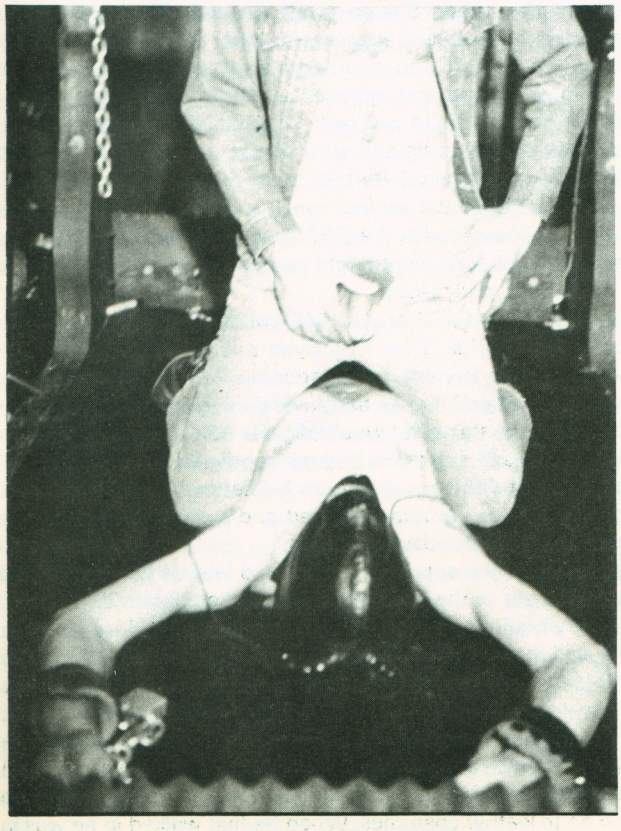


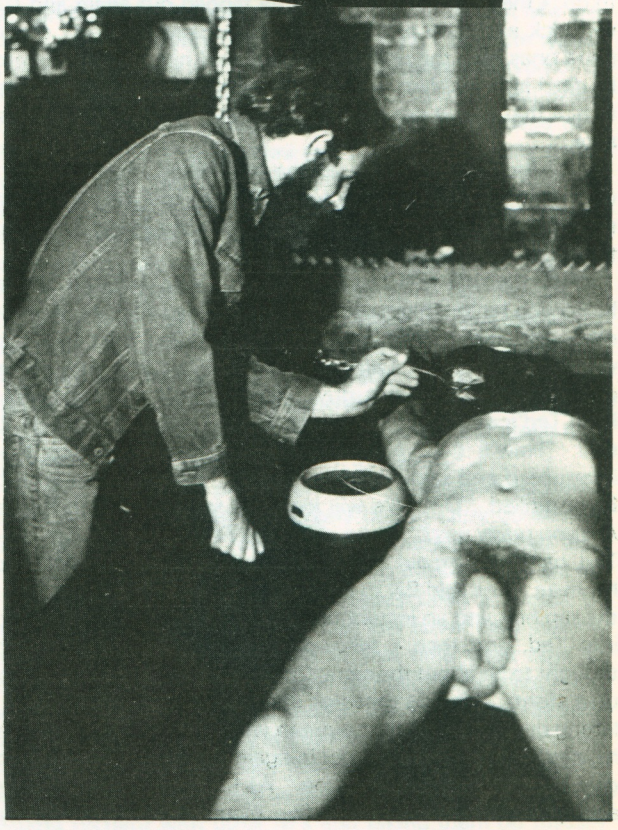












"I would suggest you be quiet, guy." I hit him again and again. Now Don was screaming frantically, "O.K. O.K. I will," and Richard yelled, "Well do it." And he did for one more blow. So Richard said to me, in the low key voice he normally used, "Robert stop." Then Richard and Larry were talking back and forth. It was decided that one blow at a time with the heavy saps would be sufficient, in rotation one at a time, on each M's ass. Well, Don interrupted again, this time politely, and said, "I cannot compete with him. He is unhuman. I will never come back here again, if you do this to me." Larry replied, "Well, what is all this shit you've been telling us for years of the double heavy scenes you are in all the time, that you pass out several times and all the rest of this shit, well here it is guy, your chance to back up all your stories, and after all, you know you are not really going to get hurt." Don's reply was, now becoming frantic again, "No, no I can't take it. You are too heavy for me." Richard again interrupted, "Well it really does not matter, does it Don? Hell, I could do better than you, and Robert I am sure would win the fucking contest for me, or anything else I wanted." Don's reply was, "Well why doesn't he do it?" Richard's reply was, "Cause you're here, guy and Larry and I already know where Robert's head is at." Larry cut into the conversation and said, "Enough of this shit. Let's get started." Richard's reply was, "O.K. let's go, but I will yell stop for Don. We will pay no attention to him." Don was frantic, as Richard said to me, "Shut him up, please." I walked over to the table as Don yelled, "O.K. O.K. I'll shut up." Larry said, "We are going to leave the room for a minute and when we return the contest will start." Larry walked out and Richard followed.

I was not sure at this point what Richard and Larry were going to do. I tried to talk to Don but he flipped out again and I, also, was sick and tired of his shit so I smacked his ass a couple of good ones with the riding crop, and told him to shut his mouth, he did. I also told him to relax, that nothing was going to happen to him that would not heal, anyway, but, to be honest, I was not sure.

Well Richard and Larry, in the next room, decided that they were going to give Don the trip of his life and drop kick him out the front gate after it was over, if he had not run out first. I, at the time, did not know this.

Well, Richard and Larry returned. Larry grabbed the same heavy sap he had been using and I expected Richard to grab the other one, but instead he said, "Robert, you beat him. I don't want to touch him." Larry went behind Ted and said, "We will give you a little headstart, guy," as he took the sap and rapid fired it on Ted's ass about five times, as Ted pulled the chains. Larry said, "How's that, guy," and he repeated it again. Richard interrupted and said, "Wait a minute. This has to be kept fair." Larry replied, "O.K. We will just give you that much headstart. Are you ready guy?" As he slammed Ted in the ass with the sap, Ted, hardly letting out a groan. Richard looked at me and nodded his head as he told Bill to count. I slammed Don on the ass with the sap bringing an instant response of, "I can't take it." Larry lit into Ted, and then I followed by slapping Don with what I thought to be about the same force. Don was yelling and bitching up a storm. This was repeated about twenty or thirty times, Ted letting out little more than a groan while Don was carrying on like he was being killed. Larry cut in again, and said, "We're going to give you a little more lead, Don." As he rapid fired into Ted's ass again, maybe five blasts of five blows each. Ted was hardly pulling on the chains. I could not understand it as Don's ass was a bright red with a couple of blue spots appearing. "Larry's M's are super M's." I was thinking. Don was still bitching up a storm, as Richard cut in, saying, "Alright, alright, fuck this. Robert, blast him in the ass with that thing then untie him, and Don you get the fuck out." I hit him again, hard, then undid Don's restraints. He slid off the rack and quietly left, saying nothing.

What had happened, I found out later, was that Larry had whispered in Ted's ear, "Everytime you hear a whip crack, you grunt, do you understand me?" Ted nodded his head. Larry was hitting his hand most of the time with the sap. Ted's ass was below the rack and could not be seen at all. The sound effects were very convincing, though.

Well, the only M still with us was Ted. Jerome was still under the rack and Marty was still in the bed. Marty got up and left sometime in the night. No one saw him go.

After Don had left, we were all drinking beer, and taking turns fucking Ted, and occasionally someone would slap him on the ass with the riding crop. The four of us must have fucked him, and twisted his teats for the next hour and a half. The order of events becomes increasingly hazy in my mind at this point as the beer was really getting to us.

Shortly after Don made his departure, 8 or 10 more people arrived, all in leather. Where they came from or who invited them, I do not know, I was wiped out along with Richard and we returned to his house in the nearby suburb and called it a night. From what I heard, various people got it on the rest of the night.

From this point of Richard and I got ever deeper involved in our S/M erotism. With both of us it became a way of life, not fun and games. We started fantasizing about an S/M ranch, run by slaves, more sophisticated torture equipment, a complete house set up for S/M.

We next built a set of English stocks that could accommodate two Ms at once. After that we decided that it would be neat to have an underground cave for long term confinement and cages in the barn. We built the underground cave, and made it about 20 feet long with a completely enclosed top. It is dark, damp, and anything but pleasant inside, just as we had planned it.

For the next three to four months, we busied ourselves building more equipment and improving our facility. We had no rhyme or reason for this other than we wanted it.

Richard and I were as close as ever but we ceased getting it on together for about two years. Richard kept telling me that he was mor S than M and was getting more S all the time, but his actions always proved otherwise. It became apparant to me that he was as big an M as I was. My plan at this time was to build all the equipment for other S's to work on me. This plan never materialized. I had several scenes with other S's here at the ranch with my being the M and it turned me off totally. I found them lacking in technique and experience. Other than that, when I would be hooked up to my rack or anything else, they would never hook me up correctly and I would be aware of this and could think of nothing else, and soon turned off.

It was right after the second ranch party that I had my first tragedy that I have had in the S/M scene. Up to this point I had been lucky in meeting all the right people that were in the scene and were deep and heavy.

I put an ad in the local gay publication requesting S's. The opposite of Richards S ad. I received a letter from a man who called himself Mr. Bernett, he stated in his letter that he was as S and experienced and that he had several things that he wanted to do to me that he thought I would dig. He stated that his turn-on comes from the M and if the M does not dig it that he would not either. He sounded very groovy in his letter so I sent him the phone number. He promptly replied and a date was set in late September for a Sunday afternoon.

He arrived at the appropriate time and was as he represented himself. We sat in the living room and talked about 20 minutes. The right vibrations seemed to be there, so we decided to get it on. He said that he had to go outside and get a change of clothes and his toys because he did not like to use other people's toys which were not familiar to him. Everything seemed right with him and I trusted him. He returned with a small airline bag and a leather outfit with a large, thick soiled pair of motorcycle boots. I still saw nothing wrong with him as I assumed a lot of people turned on to leather costumes. When he first walked in he was in

a business suit and I could see how that was not appropriate at all. To me it made no difference what he wore as I turned on to what was going on and not what someone was wearing. He told me to get stripped and he proceeded to put on his boots and jacket and that was all. He seemed very groovy and smiled all the time. I was turned on to him and had no fear at all. We went into the rack room that I had previously showed him and he layed me on my back and attached my legs to the top of the chains from the 4 by 4 uprights on the rack. This left me with my shoulders on the table half hung by my feet. He next put the restraints on my hands and attached them to the chains already on the rack. He then took a rope from his airline bag and put it around my neck and attached each end to the side of the rack. He did not have the rope tight, but if I jumped around it acted like a slip knot but it loosened when the tension was removed. He than moved around to the front of the rack and looked down directly into my eyes and said, "You aren't expecting anyone over are you? I would not want to be disturbed in the middle of a scene." I told him that no one was expected. "That's good," he than told me, "because you're in a lot of trouble. I'm surprised that you let someone come in here and tie you up like this. Someone that you don't even know. You don't even know my right name."

I had my first chill of fear race through my body at that statement but still was not sure if this was just part of his scene or not. I did not have long to think about it.

"I'm going to fuck you up than I'm going home. If you shut your mouth it will be a lot easier on you."

Fear raced through my body but I still remained composed and asked, "What are you going to do?"

"You'll find out," he said.

"I want down and want down now," I said. I didn't like the way things were progressing.

He said, "Your not going anywhere are you?"

The place is remote enough that it would do no good to scream for no one would hear. He got up on the rack and started to stick something in my ass. I jumped around violently choking myself with the ropes. I was really scared. I was frantic, coughing and choking and trying to get away from him. I started to scream wildly but he just looked at me and said, "Shut your mouth." He started to stick what I now know was a bottle up my ass again and he used no lubricant. I again jumped around frantically and would not stop. He then took his foot and kicked me as hard as he could. I forgot how many times he kicked me, in the ribs, breaking several of them. He then took the bottle as now I was laying still, in excruiating pain, and rammed it in my ass. With the sudden pain from the ripping and tearing intrusion, I again jumped around and screamed causing even more pain from my sides. He then took something and broke the bottle while still in my ass.

Suddenly he said, "Fuck you faggot," and took his bag and left.

He left me tied on the rack with a broken bottle still in my ass. Fear, pain and terror raged inside me so fast that I hardly noticed that he had gone until I was left hanging there. It was pure luck for me but the bottle did not break in my ass. Only the top had broken and it did very little damage. I layed there on the rack for maybe twenty minutes in fear that he would return. I was trying to figure out how I was going to get down. There was no way. My ribs hurt so much I could not jump around at all. I was sure they were broken and later I discovered that they were. I was not expecting anyone over. I had told Richard that I had a trick so I know he would not come by. I was making plans for staying there all night when luck would have it that a friend I had not seen for six months stopped by. I yelled when I heard the knock at the door and he entered and turned me loose. I called Richard and he came right over and we made attempts to find the guy but were never able to trace him down. I did not want to report it to the police for it would be a little hard to explain.

After this experience, I learned to check on people before I ball with them. Richard seemed more upset by the ordeal than I was. He could not understand how anyone could be so vicious toward an M. This is the first time I was ever exposed to the vicious side of S/M. It is one thing to whip someone even to the point of passing out, or whatever the scene is, but it is another to mutiliate and destroy. One is done with love and affection, which mixes well with pain, for M's need pain and abuse, mixed with love and understanding. An M's need for abuse is as real as an S's need to inflict it. But to destroy, this was a concept we could not understand. In the S/M scene, branding, shaving, even castration, are all signs of the M's total givingness and devotion to another, his S. This is a deep and profound love affair between two people not a way of destroying.

After this experience it was several months before I again played M for someone that I did not know. Other than that it was physically impossible for me for about five to six weeks.

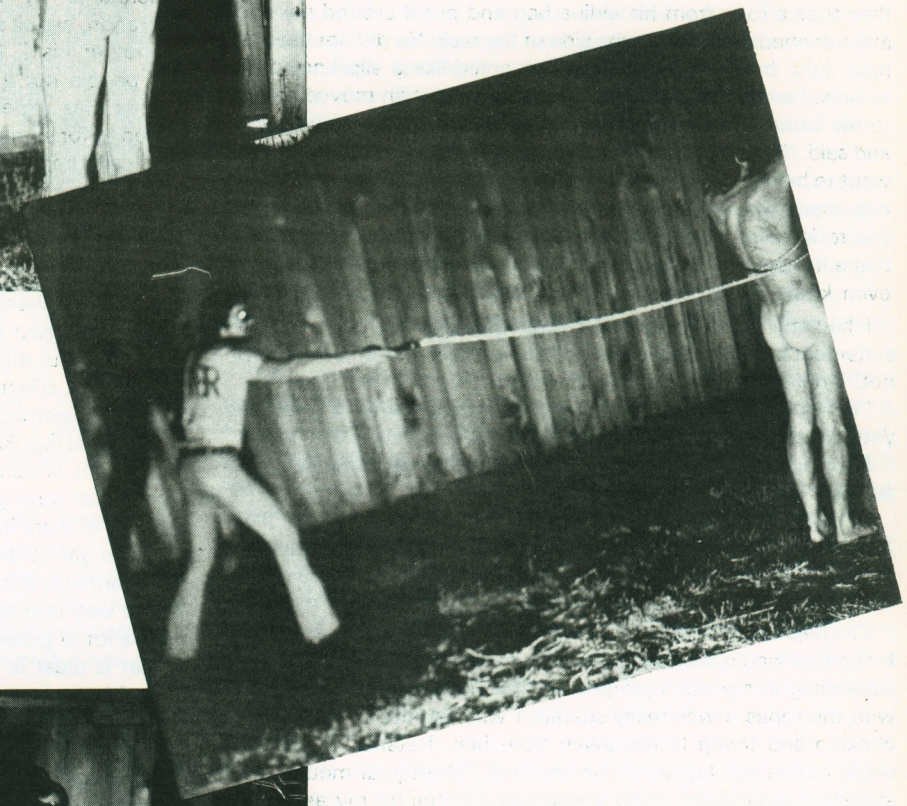
From the mid-summer of '70 to the summer of '71 Richard and I busied ourselves adding to the collection of torture devices and setting the ranch up. We used Richards ads that ran in the local publication to attrack M's and we would bring them out to the ranch and Richard and I would be S to one M. Sometimes we would have two M's with the two of us.

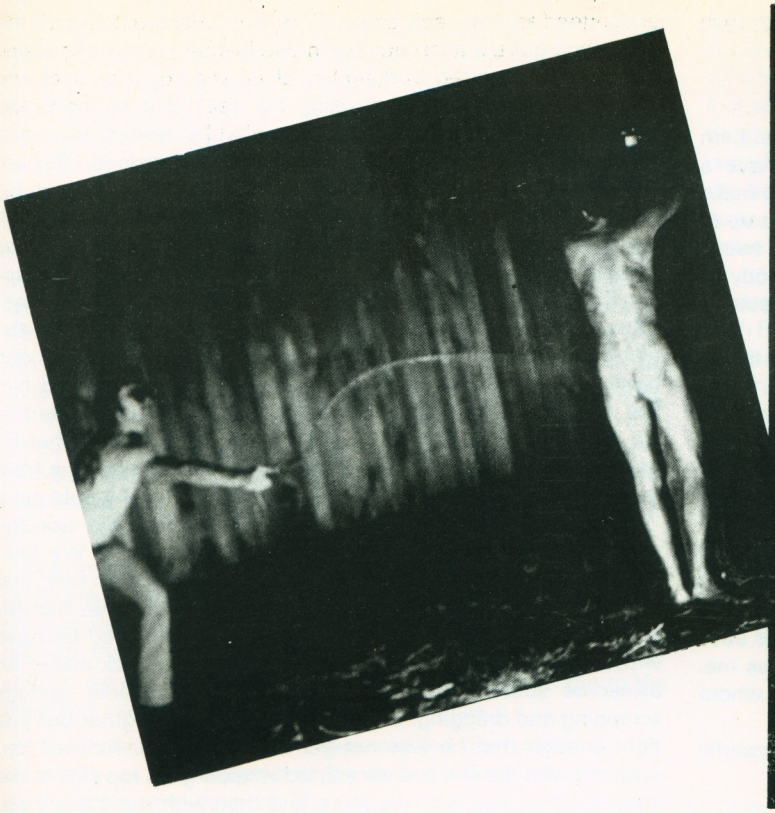
It was about this time that I became aware of the ratio between S's and M's. It is my guess that there are probably 20 M's to every S. We also learned that most supposed S's are not S's at all, they are M's just like Richard and I and simply cannot find any S's so they play S, which is second best. Also we learned that in the gay world most guys go for the younger types and there are a lot of old men that are into nothing that call themselves S's just so that they can get hold of the younger types. They realize that M's are abundant and this is a way to attract the young collegiate types. This is very unfortunate in the S/M scene because this type of S ruins a lot of potentially good M's. This is not to imply that every S that is older is of this group but the largest percentage are.

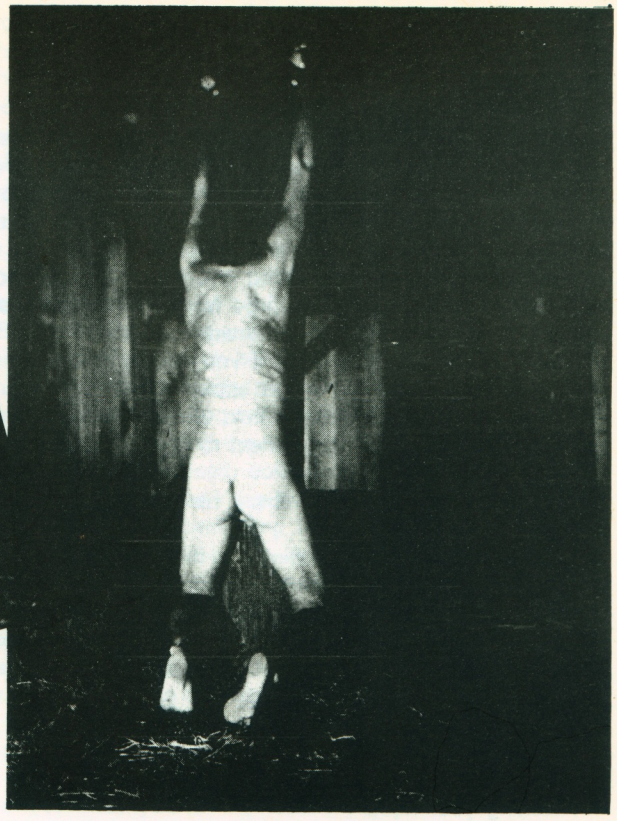
An M that is getting up in years and that is not as sexy as he once was the S/M scene is quite often a source of extreme frustration. For as in the gay world most people will only ball with the younger types and S's have waiting lines. This leaves the unattractive M almost out in the cold. I soon discovered this. My best scenes have been with the M that is in his mid-30s to mid-40s. It has been my practice for a number of years not to go after this type. I have found that the young cute kid types are nice to look at but they usually are not mentally mature enough for S/M. Naturally, this statement is general - very general and not always true. I have had some younger guys here at the ranch that were fabulous, as portrayed earlier in the book.

By mid-fall of '70 I had a pretty good idea of where things were at with the S/M scene. This was largely due to Larry constantly prodding me and advising me on various matters. It had also become apparant to me that we already had the best S/M set up as far as equipment goes. This has always been a source of extreme frustration for me to realize that few have more interest in it than I did. My main thoughts at this time were how to improve my set up and create deeper and heavier scenes. From the two ranch parties we had earlier the place was already notorious with the heavier M's in Los Angeles. I was not actively hunting M's at this time but they found me through Richard and referrals from others. I was kept so busy building more equipment and helping Richard with other M's and taking them on myself, that I had no time to play M for the next year or so. I did not know it then, but this was a source of extreme frustration for me but I was to remain the S for the next year until the summer of '71. I had a couple of M experiences but mainly S.

The following is a discription of a scene we had with an M that answered one of Richard's ads. In late October of '70 we received the following letter:







October 17, 1970

Hi,

Saw your ad in the last ——————————issue. I am very much interested in obtaining S&M equipment. I have a game room but some equipment is difficult or impossible to make under my apartment conditions. I try to keep my equipment up to date for my various out-of-state S's. Mainly I groove on heavy physiological S&M scenes. Mind over body so the body is receptive to any type of scene. I go from light to heavy scenes depending upon the "S" in command or "S's".

I have no idea at the present if you offer a catalog or if you show your equipment upon an appointment. Also you have indicated each piece has been field tested. How about I, the subject, purchasing such equipment to have it tested personally by myself.

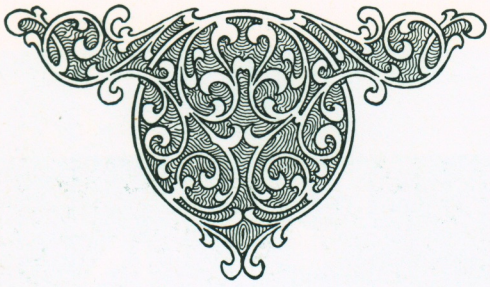
I am a "M", 32, 5'8", 135 lbs. I have enclosed a photo of myself.

I recently heard about a gathering of four M's and three S's at a ranch in the San Bernadino area that really turned me on. As I understand it only three M's were used, one received the bull whip, one received cow shit, and the other I'm not sure of but I think it was a belt scene. I've got a hard on thinking it was me. Since you live in this area maybe you also can direct me to whom to contact for such a scene.

In any case I am very much interested in obtaining some heavier equipment.

Awaiting your reply.

Sincerely,



With the letter he sent a phone number. We called and the date was set for a Monday evening. We had explained that this was the place he heard about. He arrived Monday evening about 8:00 P.M., as was expected. He was average looking, very pleasant, as he represented himself. He explained to Richard and I during the course of conversation that he wanted to be fed shit and taken all the way down as far as he could go. He stated that in the past he had been considered a heavy M and that he wished to go as far as we could take him. We sat around drinking beer and letting him relax for maybe twenty to thirty minutes. Richard then asked if he was ready to go. He stated "Yes," so I told him to get undressed. Richard and I proceeded to put the restraints on his feet and hands and a dog collar around his neck. We led him into the rack room and proceeded to hook him up to the rack face down. I took a log that was about eight inches thick that we used just for this purpose and stuck it under his crotch leaving his ass high in the air. We saturated some toilet paper with amyl and stuck it under his nose giving him a constant supply of it rather than just when he wanted it. Richard started talking to him telling him that he was going to take him through the depths of erotic pain, that he wanted him to groove on it and get his head behind it. He understood and the reply came, "Yes, Sir." Richard then took the two prong quirt, a short quirt with two leather prongs about one foot long, and started working him all up and down his back and thighs. Meanwhile I was stroking his head occassionally and telling him to groove on it, that it was what he needed. He would moan and twist occassionally but never complained. Richard would hand the quirt to me and I would repeat the process on his other side. We started off very slowly building him up. We took the teat clamps and attached one to each teat. His head was rocking and reeling in ecstasy and pain. I would occasionally ask him if he was alright and if he was with me. The reply was always, "Yes, Sir." We next started alternating between the quirt and the riding crop going ever so slowly and increasingly heavier, and harder, until we were raising welts. We beat him and loved him like this for better than an hour. He was taking blows as hard as we could deliver. I kept explaining to him that it was what he needed and all good M's had to learn to take a good beating from their masters because this was their function in life. I would get a "Yes, Sir." in between severe blows. We never did use the paddles that night, it was mainly a body whipping. We next turned him on his back. I told him I was going to stretch him, that I wanted him to endure and be strong for me. Meanwhile Richard had gone out back to scrape up some cow shit. I filled his head with amyl and started cranking the rack out. The rack makes an awesome sound while separating, the garage door springs scrapping and dragging. Ever so slowly I pulled it tighter but just tight enough that he was not yet uncomfortable. Richard had returned with the shit and we started whipping his top side in the same manner, first with the quirt, and then with the riding crop. We worked up and down his inner thighs telling him to spread his legs for us as much as he could. Richard would be stroking his head telling him he was doing fine as I would lay into him four or five fast blows in his inner thighs or stomach. He would pull the chains as much as possible and twist his head from side to side holding back the screams. Richard kept assuring him that he was alright, that we were here, then I would slam into him again and again. We repeated this on one side for maybe fifteen minutes. I then went to the head of the rack while Richard gave him another sniff of amyl. I started cranking the rack but ever so slowly. He was moaning and twisting, as much as he could, his head rocking around frantically. I kept cranking and watched his back arch up as it does when being stretched, he screamed uncontrolably, "Please, I can not take it any more, please, please. . . . . .Oh, God, no more." I stopped cranking and left it there. His eyes were pain filled, as was his body, the pain coming from deep in his back and shoulders and he begged and begged. We told him in five minutes I would back it off, but at that he begged and cried, "Oh please, please, I can not take it five minutes." Richard stroked his head telling him that he was O.K. and that it was about over. He was still frantic and yet he was not. He asked in a rapid shaky voice, "Are you sure, Sir? Oh, God, it hurts so much." Richard assured him that it was O.K. and that it would be over in a minute. Richard grabbed his head and told him that he was suffering well. The kid was calmer and quiter and Richard moved back and leaned against the wall. I also moved against the wall and we stood there and watched him looking into his eyes which were tear filled as he said, "I am alright, Sir, Oh, God." Richard and I stood there and watched him playing with our cocks for two or three minutes then I moved back to the rack and backed it off rapidly. We quickly loosened the linned restraints and rubbed his wrists and ankels to get the circulation back. Richard then sat on his chest and told him to open his mouth. He did so and Richard placed his cock at the kids lips and told him not to suck. I grabbed the amyl inhaler and stuck it under both of their noses. Richard then told him to drink and he pissed for a full minute and a half. Bob was drinking as rapidly as he could with Richard slowing the stream down once in a while until Bob had consumed it all.

We then took the restraints and place them back on his extremities and connected him to the rack. I told him I was going to give him twenty blows across the stomach with the riding crop and I did not want to hear a word of complaint. I took the crop and slammed it down hard in his mid-section. He bit his lip and twisted his head to the side as it was all he could do to hold back the screams. I repeated this twenty times doing my best to get a scream out of him but could not. After the stomach beating I told him he had done well and that he was a good slave and I was proud of him. We next took the cow shit and explained that we had his reward here and were going to feed it to him by hand, that we wanted him to take it all. I filled his head with amyl and Richard sat upon his chest. Richard scooped some of the shit with his fingers and told him to open his mouth. He did so as Richard shoved the shit inside. He was chewing and half gagging as Richard explained to him that there was nothing wrong with shit other than the odor. I placed my cock at this lips and pissed in his mouth until it was washed down. We repeated this process three times. We did not make him eat it all as we had originally planned to do.

We next undid his right hand and told him to jack off until he came. He stated that he loved us both and wanted us to whip him some more. We planned on feeding him the shit until he came but with that statement Richard looked at me and I looked at him and we went out of the room and decided to take him out to the whipping post and bull whip him for a finale.

We unhooked him from the rack and led him outside to the whipping post. We hooked both hands to the eye bolts by chains already attached to the post. The whipping post sits in the middle of what we now call the arena, a large cleared off area surrounded by an eight foot wall. We told him, "Bobby, we are going to whip you until you can take no more, you tell us." He nodded his head signifying that he understood. We started to work on him, Richard with the little Morrocan bull whip and I had what we call Big Bertha, an eight or nine foot bull whip with the trailer wrapped in rubber. We started out at varying intensities, first Richard then myself. We would give him several soft ones then a medium blow to a hard one. I always made sure the trailer on Big Bertha hit the post and not Bob. Our pace was constant, no breaks, just varying intensities. He was hanging at the post just letting out sighs as the bull whips dug in. We kept this up for maybe fifteen minutes never nearing a stop. He was getting marked up pretty badly and I caught Richard's attention and signaled with my hand by waving it in a circular motion meaning to let go and peak him out. Richard slammed into him with the little Morrocan whip as hard as he could bringing a loud sigh. I followed with Big Bertha but not with as much force as I could for it could get to vicious. We kept this up for ten blows each. I was coming around harder and harder with Big Bertha. The rubber trailer would occasionally send a hunk of wood flying out of the post. After about the tenth stroke I signaled to Richard to come to me. I told him that Bob is gone somewhere else and that we had better end this. Richard nodded. We did not want to mark him up much worse then he already was. I told Richard that I would end this right now. Richard went back to his position and came around with the small Moroccan whip. I stepped back a foot or so allowing the trailer of Big Bertha to hit him in the ass. I came around slow the first time to make sure of my aim. Richard followed with the Morrocan whip, then I came with Bertha, hard and fast, the trailer finding its mark on his hip on the right side. It tore a hunk of hide out about two inches long and an inch wide with the impact of the sudden pain, the cry rang through the night air, "Enough, please." At that we stopped. We unhooked him and took him into the barn where the three of us sat upon a hay bale. Bobby was trembling all over sitting between Richard and I, he rested his head on my shoulder and we talked for about five minutes.

Then came another plea he dropped to his knees and started kissing Richard's and my feet, alternating back and forth, worshipping both of us and then again, pleaded with both of us to whip him some more. Richard and I looked at each other, looked at Bobby, who was looking up at us with his big puppy doggy eyes. I knodded my head and said, "O.K., Bobby, but no restraints, no nothiing. You kneel on your knees in the middle of the barn and put your hands behind your head and fall into the straw when you have had enough." He took his position in the straw, no one took any amyl, and we started in on him. Richard on one side and me on the other. We came around rapid fire. Ricard almost as fast as he could and as hard as he could while I with Big Bertha was going at about one half force. He was letting out high umphs with each blow which was one right after the other, his voice getting louder and louder. On about the sixteenth or seventeenth blow he began moaning and twitching constantly, as he was coming behind the beating. He came for about three blows each before he finally collapsed in the straw in complete exhaustion. Richard and I lay next to him for maybe fifteen minutes talking and comforting him. He was half crying and laughing at the same time then he broke down completely and trembled all over. After about fifteen minutes he thanked us very much and hurriedly got dreesed and left. He mailed us a letter a few days later. The following is a copy of that letter.

October 27, 1970

Robert, Sir:

i want to thank you for the most enjoyable scene i have ever encountered last Monday night with "Sir Richard". With your approval i would like another session -- maybe with your imagination and mine the next might be a little heavier with both pain and humiliation.

After the bad trip several years ago with the Bull Whip i thought i would never take it again i was mistaken, i'm looking forward to having it used again. You mentioned the use of "tetracane" on the next session. If it would increase my ability to take on more than i'm all for it.

If it can fit into your schedule would it be possible to see you, and Richard, or possibly you, Richard, and a third "S" on one of the following 2-day periods.

Tuesday Eve Nov. 14th - Wed. 15th
or Friday Eve Nov. 10th - Sat. 11th

i would like to be thoroughly humiliated beyond any and all resistance - a complete and total slave. The cow shit scene really turned me on.

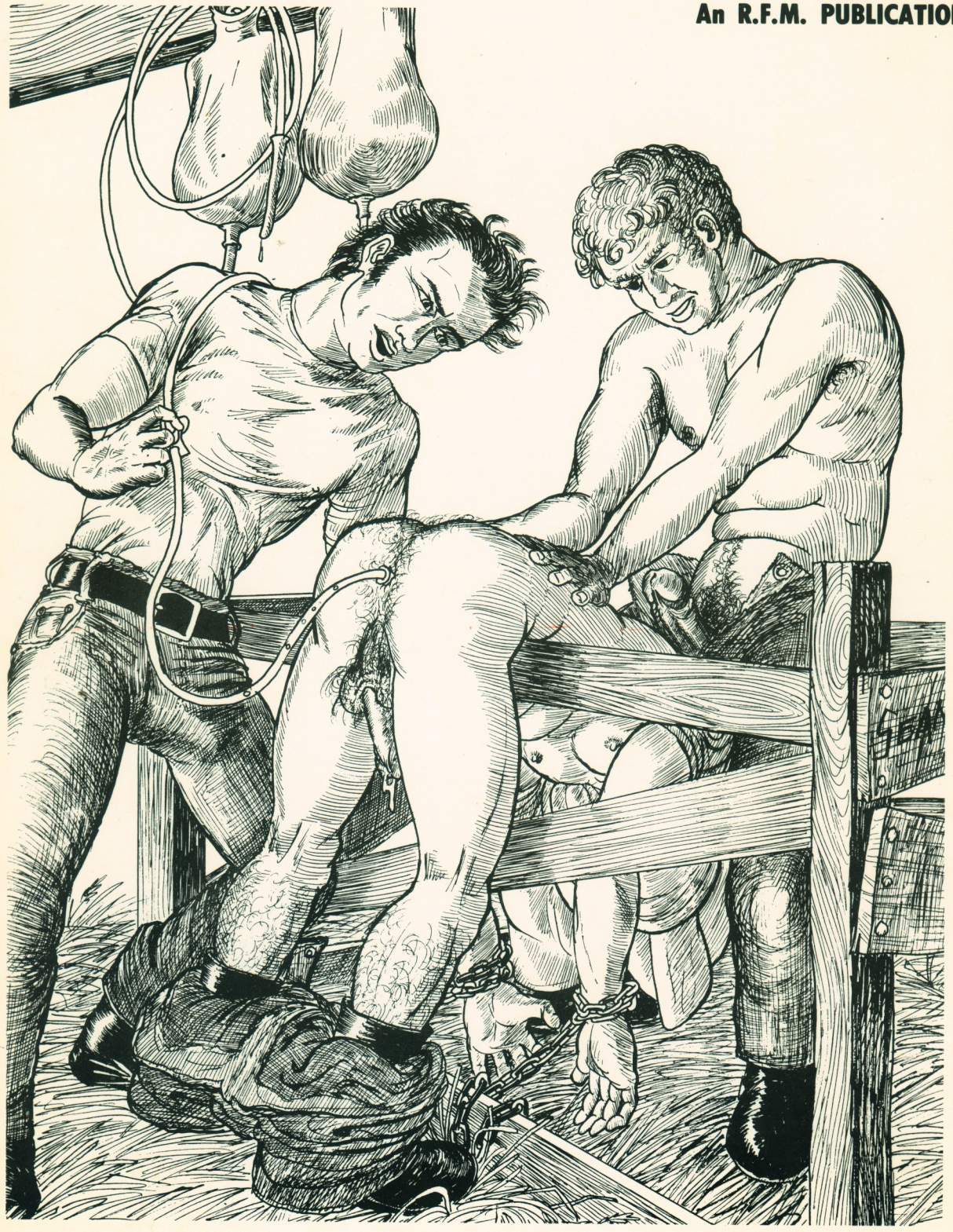
i know you are an "S" i can trust and when i have trust in my "S" knowing when i have had enough he stops. i'll respond to His pleasure of pain over my mind and body.

i hope you approved of my performance. i'll call you the beginning of next week.

This is as far as we are going with this volume. We are to have several more scenes with this M and others, that could be portrayed in future volumes. It was late 1970. Richard and I already had the most advanced S/M set up going. We would occasionally hear of another one somewhere, but upon investigating what ever we had heard, we always found it to be fantasy, much to our disappointment. The ranch was not yet to really get off the ground. It was mid-summer of 1971 when we started converting it into a slave rance.

With the advent of our S image and Jeremy by late '71 and early '72 we were in full swing. I hope to cover this period in volume two of the Life of a Masochist, not yet finished. It is my hope that you have enjoyed the book and that it has given you some insight into the life of a Masochist.

Summary

Robert had a fairly normal childhood, except for the fact that he was raised by his Grandparents and his mother was overly protective. He was probably spoiled so to speak, by getting everything he ever wanted. Robert had a deep affection for his Grandmother, probably far deeper than is normal. With her loss, this changed his whole emotional structure. Since early childhood, he was a homosexual and a masochist but supressed all of these emotions. Between the ages of 16 and 26, he had 5 tragic love affairs. All of this came to a peak to bring his masochistic tendencies out. At age 26 he became an active masochist and at 28 had the most elaborate S/M facility going. Robert was lucky in the fact that he met all the right people in the early beginning, except for a few. By age 28 he will have no desire to live for himself any longer and his death wish which a lot of Masochists have will become quite profound.

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